# TOLEDO BLADE

WEEKLY

NEWS, LITERATURE, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS

VOL. XXXIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1871. NO. 5.


## Poetry.

### KA-FOOZLE-UM.

In ancient days there lived a Turk,
A horrid beast within the East,
Who did the Prophet's holy work,
As Baba of Jerusalem.
He had a daughter, sweet and smirk;
Complexion fair, and dark blue hair;
With naught about her like a Turk,
Except the name, Ka-foozle-um.

Oh! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um!
Oh! Ka-foozle-um! the daughter of the Baba!

A youth resided near to she;
His name was Sam, a perfect lamb;
He was of ancient pedigree,
And came from old Methusalem.
He drove a trade, and prospered well,
In skins of cats and ancient hats;
And ringing at the Baba's bell
He saw and loved Ka-foozle-um.

If Sam had been a Mussulman,
He might have sold the Baba old,
And with a voice of Alcoran
Have managed to bamboozle him;
But, oh dear, no! he tried to scheme,
Passed one night late the area gate,
And stole up to the Turk's hareem,
To carry off Ka-foozle-um.

The Baba was about to smoke;
His slaves rushed in with horrid din,
"Marshalla! dogs your house have broke;
Come down, my lord, and toozle em!"
The Baba wreathed his face in smiles,
Came down the stair and witnessed there
The gentleman in three old tiles,
Asssing of Ka-foozle um.

The pious Baba said no more
Than twenty prayers, but went up stairs,
And took a bow and string from a drawer,
And came back to Ka-toozle-um.
The maiden and the youth he took,
And choked them both, and, little loth,
Together pitched 'em in the brook
Of Kedron, near Jerusalem.

And still, the ancient legend goes,
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the eastern moonlight throws
A shadow on Jerusalem;
Between the wailing of the cats
A sound there falls from ruined walls,
A ghost is seen with three old hats
A kissing of Ka-foozle um!

Oh! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um! Ka-foozle-um!
Oh! Ka-foozle-um! the daughter of the Baba!

## Original Story.

Written for the TOLEDO BLADE.

# Was She Right or Wrong?

BY JOHN BRENT.

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[CONTINUED.]

After that they were silent for a while, as they drove down the delightful woods' road: quite silent, till Arria, to whom all woodland sights and sounds were new and curious, saw a bright, merry red bird flitting through the green leaves of an oak tree. In her eagerness to make John Goodheart see it too, she laid her hand on his arm, her beautiful, ungloved hand, with its gleaming, blood red, carbuncle ring, and exclaimed:

"Oh! look at him. Do look at that lovely little bird."

But, instead of looking at the red bird, John Goodheart grasped the lovely hand in his own, and passionately kissed the tender pink palm. For shame, John Goodheart, John Goodheart! You whom Aunt Beck, rummaging through old Grecian myths, has named Memnon the Steadfast. For shame, my Memnon.

A deep, crimson blush slowly mounted to the cheeks and brow of Arria, her eyelids drooped, and the trees seemed to swim round before her. When, a moment after, glancing timidly up at the man by her side, she saw that he was looking at her with an unutterably sweet, intense light in his eyes. And, looking at her thus, for the second time, Memnon the steadfast saw his own image reflected in the dark, liquid eyes of Arria.

Just at that moment a horseman came galloping at a headlong pace up behind them. For a second he glared at the two, in surprise, saluted them abruptly, roughly indeed, then struck his spirited horse a keen cut with his riding whip, and dashed madly on past and ahead of them. And the horseman was handsome Louis Esterwald.

His haste seemed contagious, for John Goodheart almost immediately touched Aunt Beck's black horse with his light whip too, and they went spinning over the woods' road to neighbor Jenks' in a hurry. After John Goodheart had bargained for pretty Snowflake, they went spinning home in quite as great a hurry, almost without speaking a single word. The bright summer days had gone smiling on till things had come to a strange, strange pass.

And Arria was sadly in love with John Goodheart, and nobody knew it but herself.

That afternoon Louis Esterwald did not come at all. In the evening he did not come either, and at nine o'clock Arria went to bed very soberly. The next morning Aunt Beck had to go to the village again. John Goodheart was too busy to drive her that morning, he said. Arria did not seem inclined to go either, so Aunt Beck started off alone.—An hour later she came home in a towering passion, asking for Arria, first thing, and when Arria did not appear, she went tramping over the house, in search of her, absolutely—swearing, I was about to say, but Aunt Beck didn't do that, although I am ashamed to say she came fearfully near it, on the present occasion.

"Where's Arria?" she asked everybody. "What's the cussed minx up to that she doesn't answer me?"

Which was very bad talk indeed for a wealthy and respectable lady past middle age. And I am sorry and mortified to record it. And when she found her niece, I am again sorry to record that she made that unhappy young lady see stars.

"What have you been doing?" she demanded sternly of the culprit.

"I've been making a drawing of a strutting old Bantam rooster, with a man's head on him," meekly replied Arria.

"Rooster!" retorted Aunt Beck, in appalling tones. "Rooster! I could shake the very head off you! You've raised a storm of talk in that dirty little town that you won't hear the last of this many a day. Susanna Page has been telling—"

"I wish that old thing had her neck broken!" mildly interrupted Arria.

"I wish she had, with all my heart, and you were along with her! To think you would set the whole village gabbling about you, when you haven't been here a week over three months!"

"They tell stories, so they do! What do they say?"

"What do they say?" mimicked Aunt Beck. "What don't they say? They say for one thing that you were engaged to Louis Esterwald, were soon to be married to him, but that didn't satisfy you, and you up and went to playing sweet to John Goodheart, and I encouraged it, actually encouraged a match between you and—my—hired—man! Though for the matter of that, he's forty times too good for you, my Memnon is, and he shouldn't throw himself away on the likes of you if I had to lock you up first! They say down there in town that you eloped with John Goodheart last night, that Louis Esterwald has gone crazy, and I don't know what infernal nonsense they don't tell. Now, you must have given some ground for this talk. Why didn't Louis Esterwald come yesterday?"

"I—I don't know," said Arria, without looking up.

"Don't tell me that! I know better! I know as well as you do that he saw you riding with John Goodheart yesterday, and he's been at home, crazy with jealousy, ever since. I saw him myself this morning, squatting on the hillside like a pouting tom-cat. You've flirted with him all summer and bamboozled him till he doesn't know a Morgan colt from a Tennessee rooter. What did you do it for, if you didn't intend to marry him? And if you don't marry him now, it'll be just disgraceful, that's what it will be. I don't know what to do with you, I'm sure. I never saw a colt or a calf or any living four-footed beast that I could n't manage, but you put me to my wits' end. Here's that old snob of an Esterwald been hinting to me of marriage-settlements and stuff; I've been waiting any time these three weeks to have you come and tell me you were engaged to Louis, and now every day it's being thrown into my teeth how you are gallivanting around with my hired man. I say I don't know what to do with you!"

"It's no such a thing," hotly spoke up Arria

"Don't tell me, I say! If ever a girl gave a man to understand she would marry him for the asking, that girl is you, and that man is Louis Esterwald. If you didn't want to marry him, you had no business to bamboozle him. And if there's a spark of honor or honesty about you, if you are a real nobleman's granddaughter, you won't deceive him and break his heart now. He will be here to-night. Mind what you say to him."

Then Aunt Beck turned and went tramping down stairs. But Arria threw herself on the bed and cried like a baby. That afternoon she went out and sat down under the elm tree by the river. It was a favorite place with her, lately. The autumn days were coming on, and Arria drew her crimson shawl close about her, shivering.

May be it was with the cold; may be it was with a ghostly, formless dread.

Presently John Goodheart came by there, looking for pretty Snowflake, who had gone astray. He started when he saw Arria, then stopped.

"Miss Stone," he said, "you should not be sitting there. The afternoon is damp and chilly, and you are as white as a ghost. It will surely make you sick."

"No it won't," said Arria, "and I don't care if it does. And I wish I was dead!"

Memnon the Steadfast, came a step or two nearer.

"That's very foolish," was all he said.

"*I* don't care," said the poor girl. "I'm in everybody's way, and a torment to everybody, and everybody scolds me, and—and—nobody likes me."

"There you are very wrong," said John calmly. "The trouble is everybody likes you too well. Now, there's Mr. Esterwald"——

"I hate the sight of him!" said Arria, passionately. "I wish I'd *never* seen him!"

"But you see, you have seen him, and he has seen you, and he is very much in love with you. If you have'nt made him believe"——

"Now," interrupted Arria, "there you go advising me again. Everybody advises me; and I don't want to be advised, and I won't be advised!"

"Arria," said John Goodheart, with a grave, gentle face, and a grave, gentle voice, "I am very sorry that you are unhappy; more sorry than you will ever know, most likely. But I think Louis Esterwald would shoot himself if you should refuse to be his wife."

"Then *you* tell me to marry him?" exclaimed Arria, springing to her feet.

She looked straight at him as she spoke. But Memnon, the Steadfast, answered no word. His face was completely hidden from her; he was looking downward and scrawling a name on the sand with his stick. Following the direction of his eyes with her own, she read what he was writing. And the name on the sand was:

"ARRIA ESTERWALD."

### CHAPTER X.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

Arria tied her hat strings quietly, and pinned her crimson shawl smoothly across her breast.

"It is cold here," she said, "and getting colder, I think."

"Yes;" said John Goodheart, in a kind of monotonous tone, "I think it is."

Arria went to the house, and sat down by the fire in her aunt's room. She really did look white and ill, and Aun't Beck's heart smote her for having been so cross with the child in the morning. John Goodheart did not come in at tea. Arria could not eat anything. Her head ached so badly, she said. Aunt Beck went with her to her room, put her gently in her own bed, and was very kind to her, kinder than she had ever been before. The poor thing really was suffering, and Aunt Beck bathed her head and doctored her tenderly, and when she seemed quieter, went out and left her, closing the door softly. A little later, Louis Esterwald came, furiously angry, furiously jealous still, just as he had been ever since the morning before, but willing to be mollified, nevertheless. Aunt Beck went into the parlor and talked to him herself, excusing Arria, who was real sick. Aunt Beck told him, but who hoped to see him to-morrow afternoon. I don't know what else Aunt Beck said to him. She talked to him very nicely and soothingly, though I am sure, for he went home quite well pleased and merry.

But after he had gone home, Aunt Beck looked into the fire a long time, sighing sadly to herself now and then. By and by she went and peeped in to see how Arria was, and to bid her good night. Arria appeared to be sleeping quietly. Seeing her thus, Aunt Beck went to her own room and to bed.

And after Aunt Beck had gone out and shut the door, Arria cried all night long till gray daylight.

But she came to dinner with her aunt, pretty and nicely dressed, only pale, and very quiet. Her fate was fixed. For the poor child had communed with herself in the darkness and loneliness, remembering how she *had* flirted with Louis Esterwald all the summer, and *had* given him cause to believe she would be his wife, thinking only, in her blind, wicked selfishness, that it was "such fun," without thinking of that day of retribution which she might have known would come. And John Goodheart—— Well, maybe that was her punishment, that she should go on breaking her heart for the love of Memnon the steadfast, while Memmon only despised her for a weak little fool.

"For if I live to be a thousand years old I shall love John Goodheart till I die!" said poor little Arria.

She remembered, queerly enough in that night of trouble, how her father, clumsy John Stone, had told her many a time that when she was a baby she had had a funny way of crying for the moon, whenever she saw it, and stretching out her foolish little hands after it. She remembered how too, ever after that, as long as poor papa lived, whenever she wished for anything she couldn't get, or anything extravagant and unreasonable, and was turning the house upside down about it, which was a way she had of doing, her mother would come upon her with:

"Now! now! what's the matter?"

Then papa John Stone would smile and rub his hands quietly, and say:

"It's only Arria, crying for the moon."

And now she thought sorrowfully that it was only Arria crying for the moon again. Well, nobody cared. Only she wished she was dead and lying in her grave beside poor papa. So dead and fast asleep that she would never wake again, not even on resurrection day. She did wish she could die and that would be the end of her, die like a dog or a horse, which hadn't any soul, folks said. She didn't want to be disturbed again, after she was dead, not even by the angels. She was so tired of life. And in that moment the thought of eternal death, soul and body, everlasting rest in the cool, dark earth, was sweeter to that weary, heart-sick child, than the thought of eternal life. I think it is so with everybody, sometimes. And finally, towards morning of that lonely, bitter night, Arria had roused up all the strength of her spirit, and said to herself:

"I will marry Louis Esterwald. God forbid that I should ever cause any human being to suffer as I suffer this night!"

Was She Right or Wrong?

John Goodheart was away all that day. Louis came in the evening, under the spell of his brightest, gentlest and most fascinating mood, and presently as they two sat close together at the piano, he whispered a few sweet, simple words in her ear, with his lips allmost touching her cheek and hair. For answer, Arria only smiled and laid her pretty hand softly in his. That was all.

And handsome Louis kissed her cheek, and called her his dear little wife that was to be. He was wildly happy. His bright eyes shone like stars, in his great joy, and he was so knightly, so gentle and tender to her, that Arria wondered dimly whether, after all, it wasn't for the best. But once she saw a glance of something very ugly distort his fine face momentarily, a gleam of almost tiger-like ferocity, as he said to her:

"My dear little wife that is to be, do you know what I would have done if you had said *no* instead of *yes*? I think I should have killed you, my darling, and then killed myself. For I love you so much that I could not let you live and be the wife of another man."

And Arria half shuddered, even while she smiled, and assured him that she could not be the wife of anybody else, because she had never even had any lover but himself.

Louis always wanted to hear music when she was very happy. So to-night he ashed Arria to play for him. It would soothe him and steady him, he said, because he hardly knew yet whether he was awake, or only dreaming a happy dream. Arria played for him a long time, he leaning back on the sofa, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes shining with happiness, watching Arria. At last she played their supreme favorite the grand old Rakoczy March. He listened intently to it, with a strange, new expression on his face, an expression as if he were listening, not to the music, but to sounds outside of and beyond the music. As she played on, he arose and paced the floor with his light step, so like himself, changeful, uneven.

"Arria," said he, as the notes ceased, "does it ever seem to you, when you are playing that march, that there are voices, far-off voices, mingling in the tones of the music, and singing to you? Now, to-night, I hear them just as plain, joining in every note you play. They are the voices of my ancestors, the Hunyadys, the Esterwalds, and they are singing to me of Hungary, of my native country. I see the purple vineyards and grassy plains, I hear the tinkling of bells, the murmur of bright waters. Far away, through golden haze, I see the mountains, with the setting sun reddening their snow-crowned tops. And the voices tell me that some day I must go on a long journey to my native land, beautiful Hungary. Don't you hear voices singing with you as you sing, sometimes?"

"No," said Arria, arising and beginning to shut the piano, "no; I never do."

Next morning, after breakfast, and after John Goodheart had gone out, Arria, who always sat beside Aunt Beck at the table, told her very quietly that she and Louis Esterwald were bethrothed. Then for the first time in her life, Aunt Beck kissed Arria, and told her she had done well, and hoped she would be very happy. But somehow Aunt Beck's face was very sad, when, a few minutes later, she went into the kitchen and told the news to old Clarisa. Whereupon Clarisa hurried out to the pump to clear her brains. It took harder pumping and longer rubbing than ever before, it seemed. In the afternoon, just before tea, John Goodheart came into the parlor where Arria sat, and congratulated her in a courtly, pleasant way. But Arria did not look up at him, only thanked him calmly, and he soon went out again. Yet if she had seen the face of Memnon the Steadfast as he glanced towards her from the door, she would have seen the sorrowfullest face that ever a brave young man wore.

They were not to be married immediately. Aunt Beck did not approve of that. It would not look well so soon after the death of Arria's father. Louis grumbled, but Aunt Beck was firm. She had to go South that winter, and wanted a travelling companion, she said, and so would take Arria with her, and they would be gone several months. From Aunt Beck's decisions, in a general way, there was no more appeal than from the laws of the Mayflower Puritans, and Aunt Beck and Arria started on their travels. No earthly creature could tell what Aunt Beck was going for. When the gossips asked her she simply replied that a woman would be a fool to stay at home and milk cows all her life, and as far as her own views were concerned, she meant to see something of the world before she kicked the bucket. Which answer, expressed, as it was, in English more vigorous than elegant, silenced the gossips.

Memnon the Steadfast, brave, patient Memnon, stayed at home and kept the farm. He was very busy indeed. I don't know it he ever fancied he had any special 'mission' or not. I do not think he did. But he soon began to work a work among the poor and ignorant country people around Clydesville, that I think no other human being could have wrought. There was much prejudice against him at first, on account of his birth. There is no prejudice so bitter and so blind as are the dogged old prejudices of low and ignorant people. But the prejudice against John Goodheart began to break down, by and by. Perhaps he was crazy, and I don't know but he was, but Memnon the Steadfast had a hobby that the salvation of the world hung upon the intelligence and honor of the working people, just the huge, dirty, every-day mass which some dainty orator calls the "Great Unwashed." John Goodheart believed that the Unwashed could, and out to be washed. He had got some queer, cracked notions in his head,—notions which you and I and the rest of us laugh at except on the Fourth of July—that God really and surely did intend all his children to enjoy exactly the same rights in this world, and that the stronger son ought really to reach out his hand and help the weaker up, instead of kicking him down, and then kicking him after he is down.

A hundred years ago there were some crack-brained old fellows who held these same notions, you remember, and who actually believed that to found a republic upon such principles, would be to build a government upon foundations unchangeable as Truth itself! They thought, these old fellows, that the fantastic idea of the same rights for all mankind, could really be put into practice, and that untold prosperity and blessing would follow the attempt.

But that was a hundred years ago!

I dare say John Goodheart had been reading some wicked, infidel books, and and they had turned his head. I know he did read and study, hours and hours together, all the time he could spare from his work. But to the unregenerate eye, noble, beautiful results followed his work and his studies, results plain to be seen in the gentler, kindlier manners of the country boys and girls, in the lessening rowdyism and brutality of the neighborhood. Above all the wakening aspirations after beauty and culture in their own homes,—regarded by nine-tenths of the world merely as a place to eat and sleep,—such wakening aspirations began to tell what John Goodheart was doing for the common people of Clydesville. But still he had no near and intimate friends, and still seemed to shrink painfully from any attempt to look into his heart.

So Memnon, the steadfast, passed the winter, while Aunt Beck and Arria were away, working alone, working for others. He had much to fight against. The old schoolmaster, who set copies of pot hooks and taught the children to sing the multiplication table to the tune of Yankee Doodle, set his spectacled face square against the plans of John Goodheart, knowing instinctively that his own sway was ended, in case these plans succeeded. The church deacons and the women, on their part, did the same—the women mostly because John Goodheart had been a foundling baby, and therefore wasn't respectable. Two influential citizens bravely seconded his efforts, however, and they were the minister and the doctor. Save for their favor and countenance, the brutal rowdies would have mobbed John Goodheart more than once; for, above all things, the idea of being cleaned up and made to behave himself is hateful to the two-legged brute called rowdy.

So he wrought on, wrought often in sorrow, often in despair and darkness, and always alone.

Late in the spring, Aunt Beck came back with Arria. There was nothing now to delay the wedding, and Arria said she was ready. So the preparations went speedily on. But Arria was still in love with John Goodheart.

Arria! Arria! How will it be? In the days to come, will there be no regret? Are you strong enough bravely to face your life as the wife of Louis Esterwald? Aye! perhaps. With the ghost of a dead love peeping evermore out of eyes which will strive in vain to look openly into his!

The wedding took place when the June roses began to blow. On a sunny afternoon, Fraulein Bertha being present in Esterwald diamonds, and old Father Esterwald being present in more than the Esterwald strutting pomposity, the irrevocable vows were spoken, and handsome Louis and Arria were united for better or for worse. Then Louis took little Arria away for a grand bridal tour, Clarissa throwing an old shoe after them for luck.

But as the grand Esterwald barouche rolled swiftly over the smooth road, bearing Arria away from that sunny home in the country, the spirit of herself seemed to stand outside of herself, to glide along step for step with the prancing white horses, to whisper in her ear as a pale, accusing ghost:

Married to one man—loving another!

### CHAPTER XI.

VOICE-HAUNTED.

They staid away till the beginning of September. Then they came home, and went to live in the Esterwald mansion. Fraulein Bertha and Papa Esterwald too, in his way, were both very kind to Arria. Fraulein Bertha especially appeared to be tenderly careful that Arria should be happy. Arria soon came to love her aunt-in-law dearly. Which, in the matter of general application, as concerning daughters in-law and their husbands' relations, is a most uncommon thing.

But now that his cup of happiness was full, the object of his life accomplished, Louis Esterwald, unsteady ever, seesawing between two extremes, began to be strangely restless at times. Arria could not account for his moods always, but she learned to be always gentle and patient with him, because when he was unhappy he was so surpassingly wretched.

At first, in his restless moods, Arria could always soothe him, always had power to exorcise the demon of unrest, and he had but to come to her when the evil spell possessed him; but by and by he appeared uneasy sometimes even with her. Then she played for him. As the restlessness increased, he fancied strangely that he heard his dead mother's voice mingling in the music Arria played, in the songs she sang for him. Evermore dream-voices seemed hovering in the air, singing with Arria as she sang, or keeping time with soft notes to the rythm of the music.

"Do you hear them, Arria?" he would say. "It is so strange, but I always hear them when you play. I hear them in my dreams at night. I dream that you are praying for me, and that another voice, my mother's voice, joins you and sings to me. Don't you ever dream so?"

"No;" said Arria, "I never do."

Sometimes, in his hours of gloom and melancholy, Louis was not always so chivalrous and gallant to Arria as he had been wont to be. He was never rude, but sometimes he was careless of her feelings, and a little sarcastic. And once, in the presence of some friends, Louis took too much wine. It ran through his veins like a mad fire; for alcohol is death and destruction to these intense, high strung temperaments. Louis began to tell wild old legends of Hungary. He was very bright and fascinating, that evening, and the friends listened enchanted, quite forgetful how time was passing, until Arria laid her pretty hand on Louis' shoulder, and said:

'Do you know how late it is, Louis?"

But Louis frowned and shook off her hand, none too gently. Then he said:

"My friends, now I will tell you a legend of a married man. There was once a nobleman in my country who was very rich. He had houses and lands, he had horses and carriages, and servants without end. And he had the most beautiful wife in all the land. Everybody said he was completely happy,—everybody said he was favored of Providence above all men beside. Especially all the noblemen of the court envied him his lovely, amiable wife. The praises of her beauty and sweetness were sounded through all Hungary. By and by there was a terrible Tartar invasion. The wild beasts of Tartars laid waste the country far and near. They burnt the houses and crops, killed many of the poor people and drove the rest off into slavery. The rich nobleman began to tremble in his shoes, for fear they would pay him a visit. And one day, sure enough, a big, fierce Tartar came thundering up to the nobleman's castle, galloping as hard as he could gallop, upon a wild horse, as savage and untamed as his master himself. The nobleman fell on his knees and begged for mercy, begged that his life, and his fine castle and his horses and his fat cattle might be spared. But the big Tartar strode past him without even so much as deigning to answer a word, and the poor Count thought his last hour had come for sure. Still the fierce Tartar strode on, in through the court-yard, in at the wide door, through the hall and up the stair, into my lady's chamber. Then he seized the sweet, lovely wife of the nobleman, and in spite of her wild screams, he hurried down the stair with her, dragged her out through the yard, never stopping to steal or destroy a single thing, then he sprang upon the back of his wild horse, with the lady before him, and was out of sight in a twinkling,—carried off the nobleman's beautiful wife, right before the eyes of her lord. And what did the Count say? Did he tear his hair and bellow to his servants to saddle his fleetest horse, that he might pursue the fierce Tartar and capture back his lovely wife? No; my friends. He went through the court-yard, in at the wide door, back to his dining room and sat down to his dinner. And he said to his servant:

"Alas! poor Tartar!"

Then handsome Louis laughed uproariously. One or two guests laughed with him, but most of them did not laugh, feeling indignant that he should thus bring his pretty young wife to confusion. That night, too, for the first time in his life, Louis spoke crossly to little Arria. In the morning he was cross still, crosser than before, in fact, for he was yet all out of sorts and turned upside down from the wine he had taken. Of all things in the world for making a woman feel ugly all over, a cross husband is the worst. You can put a peg down there, and make a note of it. Arria felt more cross-grained and ill natured than she remembered ever to have felt before in her life; so, to escape her cross husband, she went over to Aunt Beck's. But Aunt Beck was not at home. Then Arria, as if by natural instinct, wandered down along the river to the elm tree where she had been used to go in the bright summer days before her marriage. She could not have told why she went there. A fine, subtle power which our minds cannot take hold of enough to put into words, seems to draw us to certain places at times, even against our will. So Arria was drawn to the elm tree down by the peaceful river.

A little while she had been standing there, thinking. It was a habit she had fallen into of late,—a habit of thinking, ever thinking. She had never thought much about anything, in the vain, merry days of her girlhood. But she stood there now, looking into the water, thinking, as I said, and wondering, almost fearfully, whether Louis would ever drink too much wine again.

While she stood, thus wondering, the sound of a man's step aroused her. And the step was the step of Memnon the Steadfast. He spoke pleasantly, and was passing on, when he noticed the look on Arria's face. It was a weary, anxious look, he saw, a look as if trouble had come. A more careless observer than Memnon the Steadfast could have seen that, I think. He stopped, and stood quite still a moment. He too was thinking, thinking how he should say what he wished to say. Presently he said this:

"Mrs. Esterwald,—I wish I had asked you long ago to let me have the pleasure of doing for you any service that a friend who can work may render. Believe me, it would give me real pleasure. And I hope it will not be wrong to say that I would lose my right hand to spare you pain or trouble. I would do so for any friend. I have so few friends, you know," with a faint smile, "so very few that I sometimes think I value them more than other people value their friends. Can I serve you at all?"

"Oh! no," said Arria. "I have no real trouble, only foolish little vexations that make me lose my temper, and that makes me ashamed of myself."

"It is not the great troubles that are hard to bear," reasoned John Goodheart, half jokingly. "If we have great trouble, it is some comfort to bear it bravely, and be praised for being heroic, and commended for having a strong mind. But the mean, contemptible little things—they are the things which try what anybody is made of. I've noticed that."

"Yes," said Arria, "that's what I mean. And I don't know any help for little troubles."

"And I don't know of any," said John Goodheart, in a tone which began to smack a little of preaching, "unless it is to quit thinking about the stupid little things, and fill one's mind up with better and bigger thoughts. I have read a sentence like this, I in Goethe: 'Great thoughts and a pure heart, that is what we should entreat from God.'"

The air was very still, a kind of unwholesome, deadly stillness, it was, such a silence that a sudden sharp, very little click close to them made them both start and turn instantly. And this is what they saw: They saw Louis Esterwald standing only at arm's length from them, with the face of a foaming devil on him, and John Goodheart saw that he had a pistol leveled at Arria's heart.

He had barely time to throw up Esterwald's arm, with a violence which dashed the pistol several yards away on the bank. Barely time when the weapon went off in the air, and the death bearing bullet struck the water with a thud and sank.

"Stand off! you devil! Are you drunk or crazy?" thundered John Goodheart.

Louis, mad as a raving maniac, sprang at Arria and seized her by the throat. But Memnon was upon him, like lightning. John Goodheart caught him in a grip as of steel, hurled him back and flung him breathless upon the sand. Louis was powerless as an infant in the grasp of those mighty arms.

"Lie there! you infernal madman!" roared John Goodheart, white with passion. "Lay so much as the weight of your little finger on your wife, and by heaven I'll pitch you headforemost into the river, and—you—will—never—come—out—again!"

Louis was mad, for the time being, quite insane. He had been drinking again, that morning, to deaden the headache, to deaden the lashings of disgrace, of self-contempt, which always pursue a sensitive man when he has been intoxicated for the first time. Louis sought the wine-bottle again, and drank long and deep. I have noticed that when a man is not intoxicated, all the meanness and evil passion in his soul are apt to be poured out upon the head of his luckless, unoffending wife. As soon as the wine began to send its molten fire through the veins of Louis Esterwald, and his delicate, sensitive nerves began to quiver with the power of the demon of alcohol, then he began to look for Arria. He could not find her. Then he took up his silver flute, and commenced playing like mad. But the music instead of soothing him, only unchained the devil in his soul. By and by he played the Rakoczy March. Then it seemed a hundred demons were mingling their voices in the music, as he played, lashing him to fury. He threw the silver flute on the floor, and went out to look for Arria. And he went up stairs first and slipped a loaded pistol into his breast pocket.

"I heard the voices of demons singing the Rakoczy March," he said. "They told me to seek my wife and avenge the dishonored blood of the Esterwalds."

"You are an infernal fool," said John Goodheart, shaking him savagely, "and is it possible?—yes it is,—you are drunk besides."

Arria, who had recovered herself a little, half-dead with bitter shame at this discovery, begged Louis to come home with her at once. But he refused roughly, glaring upon her like a wild beast.

"Never mind," said Memnon the steadfast to Arria, "I'll take care of him."

He went to the river's edge, bent down and scooped up his hat full of the cold water. Then he held Louis with one hand and arm, while with the other he poured the whole hat full of water slowly over the young man's head and face. That brought the madman to his senses a little. He arose dizzily to his feet, and allowed them to take him quietly to Aunt Beck's farm house. But the terrible excitement he had undergone threw him into a raging fever. They removed him to an old-fashioned chamber up stairs in Aunt Beck's house, and there Arria tended him patiently and carefully till he recovered. At night he was restless and troublesome; delirious, often, muttering wildly to himself, almost every moment calling to Arria for something. Arria remained with him all through the weary hours, never flinching, never leaving him at all. And just outside of the door, wrapped in a blanket on the floor, listening to every sound, wakeful and anxious as herself, though Arria knew it not, lay Memnon the Steadfast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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What is it that raises the sea and makes the tide flow round the world? What is it that keeps that moon making her ceaseless flight around this earth? You call it gravitation. What is it that gives firmness and stability to all that is of the earth? It is invisible, but it is potent. It is so all around us. Why, the morning sunbeams that fall so gently on the eye lid they scarcely waken the sleeper, have power to raise the largest pile of rocks. The monument of Bunker Hill was thought to be immovable. Yet, when a few years ago a cord was let down from the centre of the summit of that pile, men were surprised to find that the point marked by that cord in the evening was not the point marked in the morning. They found the great pile was changed in some way. How was it? Where the morning light so gently fell from the east upon the face of that pile, the little rays of heat, each one almost imperceptible, expanded the rock, and one side rose higher than the other; and when the rays fell upon the southern part, another part; and on the western part they changed back the vast pile from the position which it held. Who could have thought it? Yet those sunbeams were lifting the vast piles of rock. So God is working around us, teaching us, instructing us now the spiritual may operate upon a human heart; and if God's spirit be given to man, if the light and truth influence the human heart, shall it not be that those unseen influences may change, may correct, may control, may purify, may elevate?—*Bishop Simpson.*

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They have just got through surveying Arizona, and it is found to contain seventy million acres.

## Religious Reading.

### RELIGIOUS.

### TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With healing and with hope;
The suffering of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Smite down the dragons, fell and strong,
Whose breath is fever fire:
No knight of fable or of song
Encountered foes more dire.

The holiest task by heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our mortal need
To render less, is thine.

No crusade thine for cross or grave,
But for the living man.
Go forth to succor and to save
All that thy skilled hands can.

Before the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death, go stand
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hill paths, doing good
And casting devils out.

That holy helper liveth yet.
Thy friend and guide to be;
The healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee?

Amesbury, Mass.

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It is every way better to do what God intends for us than what we intend for ourselves.

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

Like pastor, like people. Like superintendent, like Sunday school. Like teacher, like class.

Some kinds of work might be done by proxy, but a moral duty must be done by ourselves. Jonah's mission was an exclusively moral one, and he had no right to shirk it or consult his own feelings about the matter. There are thousands of people in the world governed entirely by their own feelings, instead of by rectitude and principle.

Paul himself was certainly no idler; he never stood still while there was work to do, but was always actively engaged in working for his master. In short, in the whole New Testament there is no such thing as prayer alone without its accompanying effort; neither is unduly brought forward to the exclusion of the other.

Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure? of the innocency or malignity of actions? take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself. —*Mrs. Wesley.*

The profession is often far in advance of the living. This explains the lack of power in the Church. The strength is wasted in a boast instead of being the reserved power for the light. The work is done in fancy, when the reality is overlooked. This is an age of "novels," and religion is also becoming fictitious. There are many dreamers, revellers and spiritual epicures in the Church—where are the laborers.

Faith in God is not something which makes a man sit down and trust in God to do a certain thing, but it is that influence which makes a man say, "I will go forward and do it," trusting to God to bring the success or not if he pleases. Faith is the headlight on the locomotive which, as the great iron horse plunges into the dark, illuminates the path in front of it, and gives the hand that guides the power the security of a constant progress. Faith is not that which tells me what God will do, so much as that which gives God the power to say what I shall do.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence, or diversions, or company can ever do for them. This is, perhaps, one of the highest lessons—to renounce. It teaches gentleness, too, and charity, and sympathy. Then it drives man in his loneliness and helplessness to seek refuge in the bosom of God, where all the troubles of earth find their ultimate solution.

"The Bible is a strange book," said an infidel objector to an aged minister. "A wonderful book," was the reply. "It has some strange characters among its saints," said the objector; "such as David and Solomon. If such men lived in our day we would say that they deserved to be sent to State-prison for life." "Worse than that," replied the minister, "If they got what they deserved they would be sent to hell forever. But you probably are mistaken as to the object of the Bible. It is not meant to show how good men are, but to show how the grace of God brings salvation to the very worst of men, and makes saints out of the vilest sinners."

The highest form of a holy life is a normal Christian life, not an extraordinary one, and every means should be taken to prevent the growth of the latter idea in the Church. The Master requires no one to be holier than another; but all are to be "perfect" in the New Testament sense, as their "Father in heaven is perfect." The great end to be gained is the exact opposite of the class feeling that is oftened engendered by the segregation of those professing to be "groaning after holiness," or to have been made perfect in love. The holiest should be the humblest, most patient of the religious failings of others, and most in earnest by precept and example to draw such as are weak in faith nearer to the cleansing cross of the Saviour.

How do all other things shrivel in view of the immense possibility that is before every man! How do all things grow dim before this! How do brocade and velvet become like rags, and coronets become as tinsel, before the possession of this immortal nature, which God says, "Occupy, exercise, watch over, and take care of!" That which you will carry with you is the thing which you are to consider. That which you have behind you, it makes comparatively little difference what is its rank or mark. When once the hands folded and the eyes closed what matter if covered with the robes of a king or the rags of a beggar! Silently, invisibly, down the dark mystic river is drifted the soul, and we carry with it all that is really worthy to all which should really be our object—acquire in the school of life.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES
MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY APRIL 20, 1871.

## THE UNITY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The signs of the times betoken the return of unity and harmony to the Republican ranks. The immediate cause of this is the malignant determination of the Democratic party to adhere to the creed and policy which have formed its basis of action heretofore. The depravity of the leaders of that party is such that they have not the foresight to perceive, nor the patriotism to desire, an abandonment of the basis on which that political organization has rested in the past. In political, as in martial contests, a good cause is often treated to a victory because of the blunders or blindness of the common enemy.

The Democratic party is obliged to look for its strength from the South, and from among the very men who ten years ago betrayed its confidence as basely and as cruely as they afterwards betrayed the national constitution, which they had so often sworn to uphold and cherish. So bitter and wicked has been the course of that party toward the colored people in this country that it can never hope to gain any votes from that quarter. It can never convince them that their cause will be safe in their hands. Hence their reliance is in the defeated oligarchy of the South. That oligarchy has never been characterized by wisdom or moderation in their demands upon their Northern allies. Accordingly that party threatens the overthrow of the amendments abolishing slavery and defining the terms of citizenship, and investing the colored people with the elective franchise. So long as the defeated oligarchy demands the abrogation of these safeguards of our national unity and liberty, so long the Northern Democracy will not dare to accept them as political facts, which it will be treason to disturb.

The organized guerilla warfare now being carried on by the Ku Klux in the South reveals the tyranny and malice which we must expect from that quarter. From the lips of many a Southern rebel, during the war, were we assured that if the federal armies should conquer those of the confederacy, a guerilla warfare would be carried on for thirty years against the conquering power. Many were disposed to regard this as an unmeaning bravado—a threat growing out of the mortification of defeat, which would soon be forgotten. For a time the spirit of the South seemed so submissive that we had begun to concur in the general opinion. But as the labor of the landless colored men of the South begins to put the means of carrying on a bloody crusade into the hands of their old oppressors, we find the old spirit uprising. The land pirates are given impunity to rob, plunder and kill the objects of their malice at will. With returning prosperity the old malignity burns as fiercely as of old.

In the destitution of the South northern emigration was for a time welcomed as if a new spirit had come over the South with the new era of freedom. But now the case is altogether different. Men who were attracted to the South by its genial and productive climate, and by the rich natural wealth in which it abounds, are rudely repulsed and driven away. The cause of education is derided, and those who carry it forward are persecuted even unto death. In this condition of things we are compelled to believe that there was a deeper meaning than we had apprehended in the threat that the South would follow our victory over it with a harassing guerilla warfare. That is what they are now doing.

Another fact is apparent. The more concessions the Federal government has made to the rebel States, the more tyrannical, proscriptive and persecuting the temper of rebeldom becomes towards the government and loyal people. Generosity embitters and magnanimity maddens the traitors whom we have once subdued. There remains, therefore, but one course to pursue on the part of the patriotic men who formed the Union Republican party to resist the aggressions of slavery and the assaults of traitors on the Constitution and Union. They must remain firmly united until our work is done. The Union is not yet safe. Treason is not yet dead. The villains who now kill men in the South for being Republicans only wait the return of the Democracy to power to drive every Southern Republican voter into exile, or send them to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

We must, therefore, unite together in firmest bonds, to secure victory to the loyal cause. This is as much a duty in 1871 as it was 1861. The victory we have gained we must now preserve. One more national victory for the Republican cause will be the death-blow of treason and the assurance that the Republic will never submit to another uprising of traitors. It will be a final triumph of law, order and true civilization. Let us all unite to gain that final and complete victory.

Captain Joe Brown, Mayor elect of St. Louis, was inaugurated on the 10th. His inaugural opens with the announcement that he is the representative of the liberated ballot box. He says that for the first time in the history of the State has the ballot been within the reach of all classes, and hopes that the ballot, instead of the sword, shall hereafter be the arbiter of all our differences.

The average of travel from the east over the Union Pacific is somewhat over two hundred passengers daily. Passenger and freight traffic is rapidly on the increase on all the roads centering here, and that goes for a healthy sign.

Rich gold discoveries are constantly being made in Central Arizona. A valuable silver ledge has lately been discovered at Ophir City, over 1,000 feet in extent and about six feet deep. The ore assays over $240 per ton.

## THE DUTY OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT TO PRESERVE ORDER.

We regret that the experience of the past ten years has not been sufficient to thoroughly explode all the fallacies which sprang from the evil root of State Rights and State independence of the General Government. Even a Republican journal so reliable as the New York *Evening Post*, and a Republican statesman so prominent as General GARFIELD, talk about the dangers of "absolutism" and "centralization," in connection with the duty of protecting loyal men in disturbed districts, and of protecting from bodily harm and loss of property the citizens of Northern States who may be sojourning in Southern States. It seems to us there is more danger to be apprehended, as certainly, more evil has already been realized, from exalting the authority and prerogative of the State over that of the nation, than from giving sufficient authority to the National Government to secure peace in all its borders and ample protection to all peaceable and law-abiding men throughout the land.

It would be a singular illustration of our system of government to see our government compelling Prussia or Russia to do for a citizens of Ohio, by way of protection, what it has no power to compel the State of Kentucky to do for the same man, in precisely the same circumstances. The Constitution involves the government in no such absurdity as this. The first duty of government, State and National, is to preserve the rights of the people to enjoy life, liberty and property. To this end we pay taxes and render support to the government. If any State is recreant to its duty to any portion of its citizens, the more need there is that the general government should be true to its high responsibilities. If the State or Virginia protects its people and keeps order, it should not be molested or interfered with. But if its State government becomes treacherous or inefficient, so that in becomes manifest that it does not or can not properly maintain order and justice, the General Government has ample power under the Constitution to interfere until order and justice can be re-established.

The State of Ohio is interested in the peace and good order of the neighboring States, just as a man desires to have good neighbors and not bad ones to live beside him. If a citizen of Ohio crosses into Kentucky or Michigan and there suffers damage or outrage which the State refuses to redress, Ohio cannot interfere, as she has surrendered that right to the Federal Government. It must follow that the right which she gave up is still to be found where she bestowed it, in the Federal Government. If the Federal Government do not keep the peace in Kentucky and Michigan, in case the State authorities fail to do so, Ohio is injured and endangered by the neglect of the Federal Government. The people of these States must have the rights of trade, and reciprocal intercourse maintained, and the perverse purpose of any State to indulge turmoil and treason within its bounds is injust to all the States having intercourse with it. Then may interpose difficulties in the way of legalizing a method by which disorders may be repressed and life and property be made secure.

## THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

The gentlemen who held up their hands in holy horror, at the idea of the Germans bombarding Paris without giving opportunity for the women and children to be removed, should indulge in word gymnastics of the excruciating order over the prospect of Frenchmen themselves bombarding their much loved city; if not over the prospect, over the fact that such a measure was contemplated by the Versailles Government. All who made a specialty of calling the Germans brutes, and of indulging in tirades against an army commander so cruel, and with notions so barbarous as the one who would contemplate the bombardment and possible destruction of such a city under such circumstances, are completely answered by the new state of affairs at Paris.

The lesson is in this: That war, carried on by any people, is relentless—that where necessity exists for destroying something to secure victory, no nation stops to consider the pitiful features of the result; that the Germans, no worse than the French, did what they deemed best to gain possession of Paris; that the French, no worse than the Germans, will do what they deem best to gain possession of the same city; that in doing this both Germans and Frenchmen are doing what other nations have done and will do as long as the world is cursed by war.

It is now demonstrated that there never was a more orderly march, of a victorious army, through a conquered city, or one conducted with such consideration of the feelings of the defeated party as was the march of the Germans through Paris. All lovers of order, even well disposed Frenchmen, can but regret how that the occupation had not been as such movements generally are, more thorough and of longer duration. The mob in Paris, if the present state of affairs continues much longer, will do more injury to the city than did the German bombardment.

☞A comparative statement of the receipts of internal revenue for the last six months of the respective years of 1869 and 1870 exhibits the following changes:

| | 1869 | 1870. |
|---|---|---|
| Total collections for Spirits | $24,194,008 | $22,874,310 |
| Total collections for Tobacco, Cheese, &c | 15,741,661 | 16,739,652 |
| Total collections from Fermented Liquors | 3,051,453 | 3,616,093 |
| Total collections from Gross receipts | 5,548,079 | 2,616,174 |
| Total collections from Sales | 4,486,784 | 3,529,103 |
| Total collections from Income | 16,196,851 | 13,997,945 |
| Special Taxes | 4,181,128 | 4,081,509 |
| Banks and Bankers | 3,804,94 | 2,561,471 |
| Legacies and Successions | 1,412,718 | 1,417,560 |
| Ties | 903,119 | 1,028,016 |
| Stamps | 7,507,106 | 6,967,897 |
| All other sources | 903,524 | 1,420,352 |
| Aggregate receipts | $84,016,823 | $80,422,928 |

Showing a decrease in the last half year of 1870 of $3,594,621.

Treasurer Spinner is rapidly recovering from his recent serious illness but will not be able to attend to business for two weeks.

## "CONVICT'S LABOR AND THE CONVICT'S CHILDREN."

We have read with interest and pleasure the speech of Hon. H. C. JONES in the Ohio Senate, delivered on the 5th inst., in favor of a bill, introduced by himself, containing this principle: That the State shall, after paying the expenses of the convict's imprisonment, transfer the excess of his earnings to his family. This proposition is so manifestly humane and reasonable that we are surprised that there should be any hesitation in carrying that principle at once into the prison code of the State.

There is a greatly improved state of public feeling in regard to the principles on which our prison discipline should be framed. The convict is no longer regarded as a wild beast to be caged, worked and tortured to propitiate an angry and vindictive government, whose laws he has set at defiance, but to be treated as a human being, with intelligent reference to his own future good, as well as the adequate protection of society from depredation and crime. Grant that the convict has wronged the State; that his offense has been enormous, and that he deserves punishment. We are no sentimentalists that we should lose sight of the claims of justice and the rights of society. Yet, the convict is a human being—he is fallen, but perchance not reprobate, and has a claim, even as a convict undergoing the discipline due for his offences, to our sense of justice and mercy. Let justice also be ever tempered with mercy. Mercy without regard to justice becomes a weak sentimentalism which may work immense mischief, while justice unmixed with mercy is malevolence.

Mr. JONES' bill, however, is a plea, not so much for the guilty prisoner, as for those whom he has betrayed and injured by his crimes, even worse than he has injured others, or society at large. It is a proposition that the proceeds of the labor of the prisoner, over and above the expense of his maintenance, shall go to his needy family. This is not mercy merely; it is only justice. In our judgment, this Legislature should not rise until this provision becomes a part of our prison code.

We are aware that the innocent must, to some extent, suffer with the guilty, and that the family of the convict cannot hope to evade this stern law. But it is the duty of the State to see that a guilty man entails no more privation or suffering on his family than can be avoided. It is enough that they are branded with the odium of the felon's fate. That is hard enough to bear. It is sad that innocent women and children should ever have a load so crushing to bear about with them. The commonwealth should never add to, but always relieve their burdens wherever it can.

Mr. JONES states that last year the Penitentiary paid into the State Treasury $31,737 01 more than it drew out for the ordinary expenses of the institution. The number of convicts which have families dependent on them in the Ohio Penitentiary is about 200. A convict, on a fair average, can earn from $100 to $125 per year over and above the legitimate cost of keeping him. This is not a large sum, but to a family in the depths of poverty, it will be a great help, and a possible deliverance from the paths of crime and shame.

The law, heretofore has allowed the prisoner the benefit of money he could earn by overwork. This, as Mr. JONES says, has proven a good system in one respect only,—it has been better than nothing in encouraging men to reform. But it is inadequate to the relief which is demanded, and is besides inconvenient and out of harmony with the prison system of most of the States. The more merciful and equitable rule is to conduct the prison economically and give the prisoner's dependant family, or himself at the expiration of his term, the benefit of the proceeds of his labors. The State does not and should not seek a profit from forced labor of any sort. Mr. JONES says:

Let us then take our system, as it is probably the best in use, except the Irish system. Let the convicts continue to work their full time each day at fair prices; let the State receive the 85 or 90 cents per day, and out of that pay all expenses. Let us see that the State does not lose any money by the transaction. Allow time as a bonus for good behavior. Feed and clothe convicts liberally, as at present; but, after all this is done, let us, as a matter of economy, justice and humanity, allow the family to have the excess of earnings.

Let us do this, because, above all other considerations, it is RIGHT. Now, laying aside the question of economy, if you please, and not stopping to ask it the State will lose or gain a dollar—let us ask ourselves whether or not, as a question underlying the entire subject, is it RIGHT that the State take the earnings of the husband and father from the wife and child?

We admit the old rule that "the innocent should not suffer for the guilty." That the child should not suffer for the father's crime, or the wife or the husband's offending.

Gentlemen have suggested to me that the wife and child must necessarily suffer when ever the husband and father is sentenced for the commission of a crime, not only the disgrace and odium, but they must be deprived of his society; that without imprisonment our criminal law is a failure; with it, there must be deprivation and suffering; hence, exceptions to the rule of innocence not suffering for guilt. The suffering incident upon the enforcement of criminal laws is, in part, necessary. Where necessary, it is excusable. The State must, through her courts, punish criminals; and the line may be very dimly drawn which marks between the necessary and unnecessary suffering; but every iota of suffering, privation, punishment or sorrow forced upon a wife or a child in punishing the husband and father, which is not necessary, for the enforcement of the law and the vindication of justice, is wrong. I would not ask a court to shorten a just sentence one single day, though every day add to privation and grief; for there is a necessary element in punishment by imprisonment; but a day added is a punishment to the child but not as a necessary punishment to the criminal, his sentence being full without that day. would no, as all must admit, a deep and damning wrong. Now the same is true as to any other element of punishment.

The convict, however severe his sentence or his punishment, is at least fed and clothed. His work is not so much a punishment as it is a relief—for solitary confinement without labor is the most terrible of all punishments—and he is so far provided for. In the meantime how is it with his family? They battle with hunger, poverty and the scorn of a proud, unfeeling world. The convict has leisure for reflection and reformatory influences are thrown about him. His family meanwhile are exposed to temptations to vice and crime through the destitution of their lot. The sending of the forsaken ones to the county infirmary is to consign the innocent to a punishment almost equal to that of the guilty, the shame of which, to sensitive minds, is only one shade lighter than that which the convict himself bears.

We regret that legislators often treat lightly and even derisively humane propositions of this sort. This measure will not involve the State in any loss. Because it will prevent pauperism and crime in the classes which our system of punishment exposes. What it pays in one direction the State will save for the people in another. But whether it be economical or not, it is humane, benevolent and just, and on that account should be adopted.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—THE SOLDIER ELEMENT.

We are told that the Soldier element in the Republican Party is not as strong as it was under war excitement, and when soldier friendship bound men together rather than political principle; that this great element has not and cannot act as a unit in campaigns; and that each succeeding year sees this disaffection growing greater and the disposition to break ranks at unfortunate times becoming more common. These arguments are generally made by men who were not soldiers, very often by men who never had any sympathy with soldiers, and sometimes by men who played the traitor toward soldiers. Such opinions, expressed by such men, should have, according to general rule, very little weight.

Soldiers were not, to use a soldier phrase, mere wooden men, but were men who thought, who discussed questions, and who differed widely. Soldiers were divided in sentiment as soon as the political issues of the day, after the close of the war, claimed their attention. The lines formed then, or during the JOHNSON administration, have changed but little since then, that is the numerical strength of the soldier element in the Republican party, stands about as it stood then. No men were quicker to see the faults of a commander, during the war, than soldiers, and no men were more earnest in the discussion or more decided in the condemnation of such faults, than these same soldiers. This condemnation of wrong doings did not prevent them from joining in the most enthusiastic and earnest support of their leader in army movements. This principle has controlled soldiers all through the many political campaigns since the war. Holding individual opinions as to the merits of army men placed before the people, and as to the wisdom of any particular policy; naturally indignant at times, at wholesale attacks on their old commanders, now members of an opposite party, and at the peoples impatience that touched them sorely in more troublous times, still the principle that caused them to become soldiers kept their faces steadily toward the old enemies of the country, while their votes went in the right direction. To day, this element of the party acts on the same principle. Ready to discuss, free to condemn, quick to see the right and more charitable, we verily believe, than are other party men they are as firm in regard to principle as independent thinkers with convictions generally are. Differ as party men will and do on new measures, there is no difference on the question of how Republicans, as Republicans, should act.

## AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO OUR BRAVE DEAD.

At the recent reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, General WAGER SWAYNE, of this city, was called upon to respond to the sentiment: "Our dead—not dead, but gone before." This task could not have been committed to better hands. The following is the brief, but touching and tender tribute of the General to the memory of his departed comrades:

"Our dead are the true cost of the war. Silver and gold still multiply, and art and science grow. The Nation has now life in all its channels, and 'free and equal' lives forever in the page where all the world may read. Only the dead are dead. Sometimes, perchance in trial or distress, a wistful thought has gone in search of them, as those who were permitted in one hour to sum up and discharge all that remained for them of life, and then realized that since antiquity it has been said that it was sweet as well as glorious to die in arms for a country. Still they are dead, hopelessly dead for the mother and wife, mournfully dead for the wayward boy, bitterly dead to the hour of want and need of a strong hand; dead also to our love; and yet they live as those whose works do follow them.

"Innumerable colored children south of us are learning busily the shape and structure of the world; learning to love their country and live like men. Many a time have I seen them and remembered that our dead men teach those schools. So, too, it has been thought a pretty speech that 'liberty and union' were inseparable, and were one, and it was whistled down the wind until death followed the denial, and men read the oracle in blood. Let no man doubt it for the evils of to-day. They are only the mill of the gods, slow grinding, and these dead men may yet teach that truth to all the world. We count them dead and reckon up our loss. God simply seems to make them of more use.

"They live, too, in our memories. McPherson's smile, our own lost, precious friends, how very near they seem to us this minute. God grant they look upon us now from everlasting places."

☞The government bureau of statistics for the past month gives the figures of the foreign immigration for the quarter which ended Dec. 31st, 1870: The total number arrived during the quarter was 53,624, of which 29,730 were males, and 23,894 females—under 15 years of age, 13,892; 15 and under 40, 22,649; 40 and upwards, 7,083; deaths on the voyage 60. The nationalities of the emigrants were: England, 12,114; Ireland, 8,020; Scotland, 1,962; Wales, 160; Great Britain, not specified, (mainly Irish,) 3,854; Germany, 15,385; Austria, 1,488; Sweden, 1,587; Norway, 1,033; Denmark, 180; Holland, 155; Belgium, 424; Switzerland, 271; France, 615; Spain, 104; Portugal, 8; Italy, 557; Greece, 3; Turkey, 1; Russia, 110; Poland, 60; Gibraltar, 1; Europe, not specified, 1; Corsica, 1; China, 290; Japan, 41; India, 3; Asia Minor, 3; Arabia, 1; Africa, 2; Canada, 2,039; Nova Scotia, 1,551; New Brunswick, 238; Prince Edward's Island and New Foundland, 191; Mexico, 112; Brazil, 5; Guiana, 2; Venezuela, 1; Peru 3; Chili, 2; Uruguay, 1; Argentine Republic, 1; United States of Columbia, 2; South America, not specified, 2; Cuba, 159; Hayti, 5; Jamaica, 4; Porto Rico, 2; Bahamas, 9; Barbadoes, 9; St. Croix, 3; West Indies, not specified, 161; Azores, 160; Cape de Verdes, 1; Australia, 1; New Zealand, 2; born at sea, 4. Principal occupations: Professional, 557; skilled, 4,573; not specified, 2,837; without occupation, 20,293. The two latter classes were chiefly women and children.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT seems that the sex attempted to vote in a number of places at the recent election. In several places in Michigan, votes were accepted. At Yellow Springs, in this State, some twenty ladies offered their votes, but the judges declined to receive them. The matter was argued for some time in an adjoining room, but the judges still refused. The ladies were of that class usually mentioned as the "first circle" being nearly all connected with Antioch College. It is said that they propose to prosecute the judges upon the ground that women are "citizens," and that the Fifteenth Amendment repeals so much of the Fourteenth as seems to refuse to women all the rights of citizenship. Thus far, we believe, the extension of political privileges to women has had only the best results, as in Wyoming Territory. The question is now in a fair way of being brought to a practical test, and it seems quite probable that woman suffrage will in a few years be accepted with much less of protest than has attended the acceptance of negro suffrage.

THE Chicago *Times* says that a gentleman entered into conversation with FREDERICK DOUGLASS, after the recent refusal to allow him to sit at table on the boat between Aquia Creek and Washington, and politely but firmly took the ground that though private gentlemen might invite negroes to dine with them, or cultivate relations between them and marriagable daughters, public opinion should be respected in public places. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* commends this as a very strong and just way of putting it. This would, of course, exclude the colored people from street and rail cars, theaters, public halls, churches, and, in fact, all public places frequented by whites, or, rather, it would require a separation of the races in such places. In our judgment the fight against caste prejudice should be fought in these very public places, and the Commissioners did right to enter their protest against the rules which excluded Mr. DOUGLASS by refusing to sit at the table where he could not sit. There is a very strong public opinion demanding that the prejudice against color shall not be carried into public places, and if public opinion is to be respected, we do not see why the opinion of this portion of the public is not to be also respected.

SENATOR MORTON, in his serenade speech at Washington, on Saturday night, alluded to the fact that the Democracy base their hope of success in the campaign of 1872 upon carrying the South. For this purpose, the Ku Klux are strengthening their organization and waging their guerrilla and bandit warfare upon the Republicans, hoping to suppress free speech and free opinion by intimidation and assassination. The fact that the Democracy would disfranchise the colored people in sixty days and reduce them to serfdom was also alluded to. But the disfranchisement of the colored people is not the chief evil which will result from a Democratic triumph. The Democratic party is still the States Rights party, and its triumph would be the triumph of the "lost cause" in another shape. The subdued rebels have not concealed this. They have constantly stated that although overpowered by the sword and the bullet, they have not abandoned the "cause" but will yet carry it by the ballot. Recently, they have grown more communicative than ever. There has been a spasm of States Rights expression, and a lifting of "lost cause" heads throughout the whole South, as we have shown from time to time by extracts from Southern papers. The recent speech of JEFFERSON DAVIS, at Selma, to which we alluded at the time, contains a re-assertion of the doctrine of States Rights, and of his willingness to die for the "lost cause." What this States Rights means in the South, let the national debt of our two thousand millions, the graves of tens of thousands of dead soldiers, and the history of four years' war, blackened by Andersonville and Libby, make answer. It is not States Rights in the mild sense in which some of the journals put it, but it means the right to secede and to destroy the Republic of the United States whenever a State feels aggrieved or dissatisfied.

That the triumph of the Democracy would put the country back where it stood before the war, is not to be claimed, but that it would undo the results of the war so far as possible, is beyond doubt. The negro would be remanded to the mercy of his late rebel master, the Ku Klux would suppress the Republican party of the South with a high and an unstayed hand, and the country would be again placed in the hands of a party of States Rights principles and caste prejudices. Once the country is in his hands the party will find innumerable ways to bring about the virtual triumph of the "Lost Cause."

SOME of our cotemporaries, in alluding to Easter, take the position that the date of the festival should be made to conform more strictly to the facts. As is well known, the time at which Easter falls is now governed by the moon, that is, it always occurs on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox. Should there be a full moon immediately after the 21st of March, Easter would fall on the Sunday following the vernal equinox, but the full moon may not occur until nearly a month after the 21st, in which case Easter would be thrown toward the middle of April. This year, it fell on the 9th, and it is worthy of note that this is near the actual date of the resurrection. Astronomical calculations have been made which show that on the 6th of April, in the year of the crucifixion, an eclipse of the sun occurred at noon. It has been further ascertained that this eclipse occurred on Friday. The actual date of the Crucifixion was, therefore, so far as science and archæology can ascertain, the 6th of April, and the date of the resurrection consequently was the 8th. The chief objection to fixing Good Friday and Easter upon the actual date, or so as to correspond with the facts, is that the day of the week would be lost. The question to be determined is whether we shall depart from the actual date or from the day of the week. We have no doubt that nine-tenths of those who are in the habit of observing the Easter festival prefer that the present arrangement should be continued. Nineteen twentieths of the Christian world, composed chiefly of the three great divisions of the Church (the Romish, Greek and Anglican) have for centuries consented to this arrangement, and the wisdom of this arrangement and agreement ought not to be lightly questioned. Besides, (and this is the reason of the arrangement,) the Feast of the Passover, of which the Easter festival takes the place, was governed by the moon. The time of sacrificing the Paschal Lamb, which typified the crucifixion or the sacrifice of Christ, was governed by the moon, and it is proper therefore, that the time of observing the one great sacrifice which took the place of the type, should be governed in the same manner. But it seems sufficient to justify the present arrangement that it celebrates the resurrection on Sunday. It would do violence to all history, tradition, association, and to our sense of fitness to celebrate the resurrection on any other day than on Sunday.

A NEW YORK dispatch mentions the organization of an association of workingmen in that city for the purpose of testing the right of Congress to make grants of public lands to railroads. It is a little late in the day to undertake an examination so fundamental as this. There is, however, considerable difference of opinion as to the policy of these grants. The public domain is claimed as the future homes of the people, but the Government in order to make these homes accessible has for years adopted the policy of giving a portion of its land in order to secure the cultivation of the remainder. It is as competent, we judge, for the Government to give one hundred acres of land in order to secure the cultivation of the adjoining hundred, as it is for an individual to give one-half of his farm of two hundred acres in order to secure the clearing and cultivation of the other half. The proper question for the workingmen's association to raise is as to the policy of granting any more lands. Grants have now been made to three trans-continental roads, the construction of which will make accessible the cultivable lands across the whole breadth of the continent, and as the chief reason for the grants can no longer be urged, it may well be questioned whether further grants should be made.

These grants, immense as they are, have not left the Government without lands sufficient to give us all a farm. The number of acres undisposed of east of the Mississippi is about 60,000,000 and the whole public domain, not including Alaska, which the Government still holds for the people contains 993,742,502 acres. Estimating the population of the United States at 40,000,000, this would give a farm of nearly twenty-five acres to every man, woman and child in the country. Taking the usual ratio of votes to population, there would be nearly 7,000,000 voters in the United States, and if the public lands were divided among these, each would have a farm of over 133 acres. If we subtract from these 7,000,000 those who are not likely to engage in agriculture, and those who although engaged in agriculture are not likely to enter government lands, a ratio which we are not prepared to give, it will be seen that the public domain will not be speedily exhausted. We should, however, subtract the lands which cannot be cultivated in making this estimate, but this would still leave a farm of about one hundred acres to each voter. The public lands are distributed as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Iowa, Missouri and Arkansas | 16,000,000 |
| Dakota and Wyoming | 145,292,284 |
| Montana | 86,904,000 |
| Kansas | 45,148,870 |
| Nebraska | 52,123,637 |
| Colorado and Idaho | 117,800,000 |
| New Mexico and Utah | 134,140,000 |
| Nevada and Arizona | 136,000,000 |
| Minnesota | 35,776,170 |
| California, Oregon and Washington | 201,000,000 |
| Indian Territory | 44,154,000 |

A SOUTHERN journal asks the question "when will there be peace and prosperity in the South?" and proceeds to answer that it will be when the Administration and Congress cease to afflict them. We can give the Southern journals an answer worth two of that. The South will have peace and quiet whenever she accepts the results of the war and aids in suppressing the Ku Klux Klan. The peace is disturbed by her own people who are banded together to put down free speech and free opinion by intimidation and assassination. She has constantly invited Federal interference since the war, and especially within the past few months has the lawlessness and disorder of her people driven several of the States to ask for Federal troops and made the passage of a law for the protection of life and property necessary by Congress.

The purpose of all this outrage and murder is no more to be gainsayed than the existence of the Ku Klux organization itself. It is not to take private vengeance or for purposes of plunder that the Klan exists. Its purpose is to carry the Southern States for the Democracy by a general system of outrage and intimidation. White and black Republicans alike are slaughtered or driven out, and if this state of things continues until the approaching Presidential campaign, Republicans, especially the colored ones, will be so thoroughly under this system of terrorism that not one in a hundred will dare to vote.

We have from time to time referred to specific instances of outrage, and the list is by no means exhausted. It is, in fact, replenished daily. In Mississippi, which is not under "carpet bag" rule, there is probably a worse state of things than in the Carolinas. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Jackson, Mississippi, gives a list of ninety persons murdered in that State during the year 1870, and of thirty-eight more who were killed up to the middle of March of this year. These are only the cases on which inquests are held, and are therefore official cases, while the correspondent asserts that this does not cover half the number. The late massacre at Meridian it is said would add forty to the list and the number for the month of March alone is set down at one hundred. Four-fifths of these were killed because they were Republicans. It is not strange therefore that the Legislature should have asked for Federal aid to restore order. Governor ALCORN, however, is winking at the outrages and he is said to have declared that Mississippi politics was now reduced to a fight between himself and Northern men. The accounts of outrages are sustained by private letters and by daily arrivals of those who have been driven out. An old citizen of Mississippi writes that "it is nothing but murder, murder, murder, and the most awful whipping and abusing of the negroes you ever heard of." Among the numerous accounts of murder, we find one taken from a Macon paper, in which a Democratic editor tells why he shot a negro preacher. He professes to have suspected the colored man of endeavoring to entice one of his hands away, and upon that pretext shot him dead. In a letter which the murderer addresses to the Macon *Telegraph*, he says it is a "pity we cannot have such lamentable affairs all over the State." He adds, very significantly, in a postcript, that if the fact of his having killed a negro preacher should be published again he will "find more friends than he will possibly know what to do with," and says that "half a dozen have already offered him board and lodging free for some time to come," and that "people where I now am are not so very much 'outraged' over such praiseworthy acts." He then expresses astonishment that the *Telegraph*, a Democratic paper should give publicity to "such a statement in reference to a brother Democratic editor."

Our Southern contemporary no doubt knows very well that there can be no peace at the South so long as murder and intimidation are the arguments used in political contests. We hope, however, that a peace will be enforced sooner than the Southern politicians desire it under the measure which is now before Congress.

The wheat prospect in Central Illinois is represented as very encouraging. The growing wheat stands thick upon the ground, and the recent rains and warm sunshine have given it a luxurious appearance. Growers predict the earliest harvest known since Illinois was settled.

## CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 10th, Mr. Edmunds, from the Judiciary Committee, reported the Ku-Klux bill. The Blodgett and Goldthwaite cases were considered, but without disposing of them, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a resolution was offered declaring against inordinate taxation to pay off the public debt. On motion, the bill for the removal of legal and political disabilities was taken up and passed. Mr. Kelley introduced the following resolution, which was adopted by a vote of 130 to 21.

*Resolved*, That this House reaffirms the resolution adopted on the 12th of December, 1870, by the House of the 41st Congress, declaring that the true principle of revenue reform points to the abolition of the Internal Revenue system, which was created as a war measure to provide for extraordinary expenses, and the continuance of which involves the employment, at a cost of millions annually, of an army of assessors, collectors, supervisors and other officers previously unknown, and requires the repeal at the earliest day consistent with the maintenance of the faith and credit of the Government of all stamp and other internal taxes; that properly adjusted rates should be retained on distilled spirits, tobacco and malt liquors so long as the legitimate expenses of the Government require the collection of any sum from internal taxation.

Mr. Coburn moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill providing for additional members in the 42d Congress, as follows:—From Alabama, Arkansas, California, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, one; from Georgia, Kansas, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wisconsin, two each; from Iowa, Michigan and Missouri, three each; and from Illinois four. These additional members to be elected on the general ticket, and if no election is provided for 1871 in any of those States, or if the Legislatures do not fix a day for election, then the Governor of the State is to do so by proclamation sixty days in advance. Without agreeing to the motion, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Sherman introduced a resolution, which was laid over, instructing the Finance Committee to examine during the recess, the existing system of taxation with reference to reducing the taxes and imposing the least possible burden upon the people. The general amnesty bill was received from the House, read twice and laid on the table. The Ku Klux bill was then taken up and further discussed, but without arriving at a vote, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the bill to pay Mr. Schenck his salary as Minister to England was taken from the table and passed. The House proceeded to consider the Senate amendments to the deficiency bill, several of which were concurred in, when the House adjourned.

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Supreme Court will shortly hear the arguments of counsel on the constitutionality of the legal tender act, and will decide it soon after.

Senator Sherman has offered a resolution to instruct the Committee on Finance to prepare a bill revising the existing system of taxation, so as to repeal the duties on salt, coal, tea and coffee, and also reduce both the internal taxes and the duties on imported goods, now in force; and in such a manner that the aggregate of each of such taxes shall not exceed the sums required to defray the expenses of the Government with the strictest economy, and the least possible burden upon the people. The resolution will be called up hereafter.

The friends of general amnesty in the Senate will endeavor to get action on the House bill immediately after the Ku Klux bill is disposed of. It will be strongly opposed in the Senate, and there is very little chance of its passage at the present session. President Grant thinks it would be better to wait until the next session and see how the Southern people behave themselves.

The amendments to the House Ku Klux bill adopted by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate are said to be unimportant, except one, which continues the operation of the bill until the end of the next regular session of Congress. The Democrats are not disposed to debate the bill at length, and the indications are that the Senate will be ready to adjourn on Friday.

It is reported that General Butler will introduce soon, a general amnesty bill, and try to put it on its passage without debate. It excepts only three classes from the benefits of its provisions—those who were members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, and United States Judges, who went into the rebellion voluntarily.

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# Correspondence.

## Washington Letters.

Correspondence of the Blade.

THE MESSAGE AND REPORT—THE FEELING IN CONGRESS MORE HOPEFUL—THE KU KLUX BILL—THE TERROR IN THE SOUTH—MR. MORRILL'S SPEECH—ITEMS.

WASHINGTON, April 8, 1871.

The Message of the President and the report of the Commissioners make a very strong impression here, and will evidently do much to remove the ill feeling which was rapidly growing into a permanent obstacle to our success in 1872. The President has skillfully divested himself of all the imputations cast upon him, and having declared that the completion of his part of the "duty ends all personal solicitude on the subject," he rolls the responsibility off from his own shoulders and casts it entirely on the shoulders of Congress. This action has greatly softened the feeling towards him, and the muddle in our political affairs is likely to have a happy solution.

The passage of the Ku Klux bill in the House by a strong vote and the adoption of Mr. Sherman's resolution in the Senate are indications in the same direction, and I am glad to say that the Democratic mind is not as complacent as it was, and that its bile has got so near the surface that it breaks out into bitterness at the smallest provocation.

You have seen how that good man, Garret Davis, was disturbed by the gentle look of Gen. Butler. That look seems to have struck in pretty deep, and whenever Garret refers to it, or thinks about it he is speedily troubled with a breaking out about the mouth. That was what was the matter on Thursday when at the end of his personal expanation he got out some unparliamentary words about Mr. Butler in utter defiance of the Vice President's rap, rap, rap. He said it was not his intention to trouble the Senate with any remarks about that universally recognized blackguard, coward and scoundrel, but he was moved thereto because that person seemed to assent to the general judgment of society.

The passage through the House of Mr. Shellabarger's Ku-Klux bill by a round Republican majority (118 to 91) is an omen of good, which should not be lost sight of. It is characteristic, too, that the Democrats stood solid for violence and murder, and would do nothing to protect the terror-stricken people of the South from political assassins, whose logic was so unsuccessful in putting these States back into the hands of the rebels, now wearing again the name and robe of the Democracy.

Such conduct gives weight to the view of Mr. Morton that, in case the Democracy should be successful in the Presidential contest, these men, so useful in bringing back the old party into power, will demand a *quid pro quo*, and it will be granted. If they, through their system of terrorism, carry the Southern States, they will constitute the majority, and, as the Northern Democracy sustain them now, they will be still more ready to sustain them then, because continuance in power will depend upon them. Hence, when they demand payment for their slaves, released by the war, it must be conceded. The Northern Democracy have stoutly maintained, from the first, that the slaves were illegally released, and, as these States must help pay the war debt raised for their subjugation, the argument for compensation will be much stronger than in the case of Texas, in which case we paid the slave Democracy ten millions to keep them quiet, under the plea of paying their war debt.

A lady engaged as a teacher at one of the schools of the American Missionary Association, in Alabama, passed through Washington on her return home a few days ago. The alarm which is felt in such institutions may be inferred from the fact that a guard was regularly posted through many nights last winter. They watched the building night after night with arms in their hands, expecting a midnight attack from the disguised Ku-Klux, but were not actually disturbed. Probably because they were prepared.

A despatch from Florida brings word that J. Q Dickenson, Deputy United States Marshall and clerk of one of the Florida courts, was shot dead on Monday night at Marianna in that State. He resided in Jackson county, which has a Republican majority of 800, but which, at the last election had a majority of only 14. With a few more timely murders the Democracy will have every thing their own way.

Mr. Morrill made his speech against the acquisition of San Domingo yesterday before the Senate. It did not differ materially from the usual line of argument on that subject except that it was entirely free from the usual acrimony against the President. Mr. Morrill believes that the star of our destiny leads westward and northward. He has got his eye on Canada and British Columbia.

A large delegation of intelligent colored men had an interview with Mr. Shellebarger yesterday and formally presented their thanks for the successful part which he had taken in the passage of the Ku Klux bill. Among the foremost were Fredrick Douglass and Lillie Martin.

Neither House is in session to-day, and the Senate only sat yesterday to hear the speech of Mr. Morrill. The House having passed Mr. Shellabarger's bill has nothing to do; and, as the Senate has put the Ku Klux question into the hands of the Judiciary Committee, it must wait for the report.

Senator Morton is to be serenaded this evening, and will probably respond with a political speech. There will be a great crowd to hear him, as the weather promises to be pleasant.

We are bursting out into flowers and leaves, and things look as sweet as sweet blossoms can make them. The bloom is very profuse, and seems to augur a season of abundant fruit. BUCKEYE.

THE SAN DOMINGO MESSAGE AND REPORT—BUTLER AND SWAN—THE COURSE OF THE DEBATE IN BOTH HOUSES—IMPRESSIVE SPEECHES BY GEN. BUTLER IN THE HOUSE AND GOVERNOR MORTON IN THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 8, 1871.

The President's action on the San Domingo question calls forth applause from all classes of persons in this city, and awakens a renewed and generous enthusiasm. You will see that he does not recommend action at this session, but advises that the storm of passion be allowed to pass over, and that the question be considered apart from the prejudicial circumstances with which it has become involved. The following passage in his message will bear repeating:

"And now my task is finished, and with it ends all personal solicitude on the subject. My duty being done, yours begins; and I gladly hand over the whole subject to the judgment of the American people and of their representatives in Congress assembled. The facts will now be spread before the country and a decision rendered by that tribunal whose conviction is seldom erred against whose will I have no policy to enforce."

In the Senate there was some embarrassment produced by the desire of Senator Merrill to speak, and, as a motion to print was carried with the privilege of debate, Mr. Sumner was very fast to have the report printed; and there was a long colloquy which, however, ended in an amicable agreement to hear Mr. Morrill's speech on Friday without speaking the question to general debate, and also that the report be printed and spread upon the country. It is not expected that the question will have a disturbing aspect hereafter as it has been now fairly cut free from the Presidency.

The House had an exciting passage yesterday between Mr. Swan and Mr. Butler, which will be fully reported to you by telegraph. It is needless to say that the Massachusetts man lost nothing by the contest.

The course of debate in both houses of Congress shows a tendency to greater unity and a return to the strong issues which compacted the party in other days. It has been a complaint among the politicians that Congressmen have had so many private griefs to settle that they forget the interests of the country as represented in their party. Before the Connecticut election, some gentlemen in that State came to Washington to gather speeches and documents to distribute among the people in furtherance of party objects; but they declare that the files of the Globe during the last session furnished nothing which they could use to any advantage.

If that was true of the last session it is not true of this. Mr. Butler in the House and Mr. Morton in the Senate, spoke to the country on Tuesday, and their words ought to be well pondered by thoughtful men everywhere. The suggestion of Mr. Butler in regard to the case of Ku Klux disorders, shows exactly where the shoe pinches. No well informed man of either party doubts that, if the Democratic leaders North and South, should proclaim that it is necessary for the success of their party that these wrongs, outrages and murders should cease, and that life, property and individual rights must be respected or their President could not be elected in 1872, peace and quiet would be at once restored.

There is a fierce controversy as to whether the Ku Kluxers are political or not, and the Democrats stoutly deny that they have a political basis. But whether that is so or not, it is clear enough that a little right action on the part of the Democracy would wind them up in twenty-four hours. They live because the fruits of their doings inure to the benefit of a great political party; because they are organized against persons who vote the wrong ticket, and are warned that it will be safest for them to keep away from the polls and be circumspect in their speech and conduct.

I can not help thinking that such men as Blair, of Missouri, are much more useful to the Republican party than some men that it honors with its confidence. It is conceded that Andrew Johnson kept the party compact and strong during his whole administration, and that we could never have carried the Constitutional amendments without his opposition. Blair is doing about the same kindness in the Senate that Johnson did in the country. He drives Senators into companionship and unity, and makes us see some things clearly which we should otherwise only see partially—"men as trees walking."

His violent speech, which made one of his friends declare "that he was a capital speaker, but was not half so good at holding his tongue," was undoubtedly the father of Morton's impressive exposition of Democratic policy. It was the more impressive, too, because Garret Davis had just been making bitter complaints that Kentucky had been defrauded by the general Government out of the payment justly due for her slaves, and that the people there had good cause to hate the Government and to organize secret associations against it.

Mr. Morton, in replying to Mr. Blair, said that the Democratic party could only come into power by carrying all the Southern States; and, in that case the Southern Democracy would constitute the majority of the party. Then they would not vote taxes, &c., to pay the national debt unless they were paid for their slaves. The Northern Democracy are committed to the position that slavery was wrongfully abolished, and therefore the step to payment is short and easy.

The North and South would unite on a basis so natural as it would be much more plausible to pay for the slaves than repudiate the debt. If it was said that the Northern Democracy would not consent to any such arrangement, his reply was that they would consent, because the continuance of their power would depend upon it. It would naturally be supposed that they would not consent to the murders and other crimes of the Ku Klux; but as they believe it to be the way to power they interposed no obstacles.

When the rebel States come back to power, and are a majority of the party, they will not be strongly inclined to pay a debt incurred in their subjugation, and, to make the yoke sit a little easier, the matter will be compromised by an order to pay for slaves wrongfully torn from them by the usurpations of a "rump Congress." BUCKEYE.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Four inches of snow fell at St. Paul on Monday.

The total number of French soldiers sent from Switzerland is 84,304.

The Ames hotel, at Ames, Iowa, was burned on Sunday. Loss $10,000; insurance $1,000.

The immigration to Kansas is unprecedentally large, especially to Southern Kansas and the Osage lands.

There was a severe frost at Bloomington, on Monday night, and it is feared that the fruit buds have suffered.

The weather was very cold in Chicago yesterday, with indications of another snow storm. There has been no frost.

A son of A. Ripley, of Cambridge, Ill., aged only 15 years, committed suicide at Galva, on Thursday, by hanging himself.

A Salt Lake letter reports that the Little Emma mine, at Cottonwood, has been again sold to a New York party for $1,500,000.

The repairs on the Singapore and Batavia cable have been effected. Messages for Java and Sumatra can now be forwarded by wire direct.

There was a heavy frost at Des Moines, Iowa, on Monday night. It is feared that the small fruits are killed.

The Appleton *Post*, says 220,000,000 feet of logs have been banked on the Wolf River and its tributaries during the past winter.

The census of Utah shows only a population of 42,503 white females to 43 361 white males—or 800 less than enough to furnish one wife apiece all around.

The Mississippi River is now open to St. Paul. A heavy gale on Friday night broke up the ice in Lake Pepin. The Diamond Jo was the first boat to reach St. Paul.

Friday a letter came to the post office of St. Joseph Mo., directed as follows: "To the Mr. Kelley that owns the land in the west ½ of s e qr of section 34, and s e ¼ of the s w quarter of Section 34, Township 57, Range 35—120 acres; St. Joseph, Buchanan county, Missouri." The writer evidently intends going into the real estate business.

M. L. Sullivan, who owns the whole township in Ford county, Ill., bearing his name, had fifty-two teams simultaneously engaged in plowing on his farm last week.

Two residents of Rochester, Minn., have started a novel enterprise—a minkery. Instead of seeking to trap this valuable animal while in his mild state, they have concluded to breed him.

Twenty-two colonists left Reading Pa., on the 11th, to settle on lands granted by the Government to honorably discharged soldiers, in Kansas. The colony consists of eighty colonists in all, thirty leaving from Lancaster.

H. D. Moon, near Waverly, Iowa, has a hen notable for industry and piety. It lays an egg a day, including a double-yolked one on Saturday, and lays over on Sunday. At least, that is what she id last week.

The Wisconsin marshes are full of cranberries this spring, and the berries look nice and fresh, but will not keep long in warm weather. The Indians are bringing them to market quite abundantly, at $2 per bushel.

The State papers keep insisting that the highest land in Iowa at Spirit Lake, is 17,000 feet high—2,000 feet higher than the highest mountain in the United States, outside of Alaska, where Mount St. Elias rears its lofty head.

Robert T. Glass, of Henderson, Ky., a leading citizen of that section, and a prominent member of the State Legislature, was found dead in bed at Henderson on the 10th. Heart disease, it is supposed, was the immediate cause of his death.

Reports from Iowa show that Saturday's storm was much more severe than had been previously supposed. In Polk county alone, the damage amounts to fifty thousand dollars, and this devastation spread through a large portion of the State.

Heavy rains visited all parts of Kansas within the last few days. The prospects of the fruit and wheat crops were never better. Last night was quite cold, and it was feared that the fruit crop would be hurt, but it is now believed to be out of all danger.

On the 10th, on the down train from Weldon on the Wilmington & Weldon railroad, a man who gave the name of Daniel Ellemplis, entered the express car with the supposed intention of robbery, when he was shot and dangerously wounded by the messenger, named Archer.

A very violent snow storm commenced at Sioux City, Iowa, on Sunday night, and raged furiously until Monday night. The railroads are blocked, the telegraph wires are down and much other damage has resulted. On Saturday the thermometer stood at 90 and yesterday at 24 degrees.

In the southern part of Illinois, on the 4th inst., an old man named Eli Phipps, who for some time has been somewhat deranged, attacked his son David with a large knife. The son picked up a shot gun and pointed at his father, at the same time retreating. The old man followed him up with the knife, whereupon the son fired, inflicting a wound which will probably prove fatal.

A sensation was created in financial circles at Memphis on the 9th, by the discovery that a former officer of the Memphis & Ohio Railroad, and lately an important Federal officer, had been trying to sell a large amount of bonds, formerly alleged to have been burned.—On examination of the books, a false entry was found to have been made yesterday, he having left fresh blotting paper lying by the book, showing the entry. Legal proceedings have been instituted.

The latest California crop is one of tarantulas. They are raised in Calaveras co., and sold with their marvelous houses to eastern tourists. Their cells are totally unlike anything else in nature; from three to eighteen inches deep, with waterproof lining, coated over with a substance looking like chamois skin, but fine as silk velvet, with a door or lid which they close after them when they go in; and when they have their young they latch it, bolt it, and then seal it perfectly water tight. They increase about one hundred and fifty fold annually.

The Mitchell County, Iowa, *Press* tells of a remarkable circumstance, happening in the family of Henry Van Sickel, now of Osage. The *Press* says: "An infant child of Mr. H. W. Van Sickel was taken sick a few days ago, with what we believe the doctor termed congestive fever. Sunday night it died, to all appearance. The doctor even pronounced it dead, and it was washed and laid out for burial. After all this had taken place, a lady present was somewhat startled to observe it open its eyes. After the application of cold water and other stimulants it recovered, and we understand is now in a fair way to live."

D. G. Tuttle, of Warren, Illinois, died on Thursday week of starvation. The *Sentinel*, of that place, says: For twenty-five days, ending last Thursday morning, Mr. Tuttle had existed without food or nourishment, taking only a few ounces of wine and water; but on the morning alluded to nature gave way and the spirit took its flight. Tuttle was a strong believer in Spiritualism, and claimed that the spirits had told him that he must fast for forty days, after which he would go into a trance, and the spirit would depart, but after six days it would come back, and he would rise up and eat, and then we would all be brethren. He said he suffered no pain of any kind, but was tormented by those who came to talk with him. The day before he died we visited him at the residence of his mother in this place. Going in, we found him alone, in a small room without furniture, lying on a bed with a quilt thrown over him. On entering the room he told us to go out. "If you want to talk to me," said he, "go round to the north end of the house, and talk through the window. You make the air too close—too close. To gratify him we proceeded to the window. 'Do you suffer any pain, or are you troubled, Mr. Tuttle?' 'No, I am perfectly easy. You torment me when you talk to me. My strength is almost gone now.' 'What do you think is to become of you?' 'I am going to sleep now pretty soon, when the spirit will depart. After six days it will return, and I will rise up and we will all be brothers.' To gratify him we were then driven away from the window. Lying there on the bed he presented a horrible appearance. All his flesh had been consumed by the vital organs to sustain life, and the skin clung tight to the bones. With long, uncombed hair, and whiskers, sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks, he presented a wreck to look upon. The Sunday before he died he was immersed in Spafford Branch, he believing that it was necessary to cleanse his spirit, and he also had some of his teeth pulled out, to carry on the cleansing process. On Wednesday last the authorities were called in, who endeavored to persuade him to eat, succeeding in getting him to take a little beef tea, but the remedy came too late. He was past redemption, and gradually sunk into the 'trance' from which there was no awakening.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

### The Insurgents Proposing Conciliation.

PARIS, April 11—Via London, midnight.—The cononade and musket firing was renewed this morning at Porte Maillot, Neuilly, Porte des Jernes, and in the Bois de Boulougne.

A deputation has gone to Versailles for the purpose of proposing measures of conciliation. They are instructed to insist on the maintenance of the Republic and the continuance of the municipal franchises, and to demand that the Nationals shall alone guard Paris. If Thiers reject these terms they are to inquire what conditions the Versailles government has to propose.

### German Interference.

BERLIN, April 11.—The Prussian Cross Gazette says the British government is endeavoring to persuade Germany to interfere to restore order in Paris.

### The Commune Barricading Every Street.

PARIS, April 11.—The breach in Port Maillot is practicable, and an assault upon it is expected to-morrow.

The Commune are barricading every street. They have over 100 000 desperate men at their command, and the work o carrying the barricades will be fearfully bloody.

### The Central Committee Against the Commune.

Your correspondent to day has again interviewed the Central Committee They confessed their disappointment and distrust of the work of the Commune, which has aped that of the revolutionists of 1793. They say "their tolly will alienate the provinces and array all the world against us. We must resume the powers we entrusted to the Commune. They are incapable of legislating or directing military operations. We, who created them, must set them aside. Nothing is left for us now but to annihilate Versailles or be annihilated. Unless we overthrow Versailles, we and the Republic are forever lost."

PARIS, April 10.—Unless the Germans save us, Paris must soon swim in blood. The Commune hourly grows more desperate and resorts to fierce excesses. The concierginc is filled with priests and nuns who have been arrested on warrants calling them citizens, styled the servants of a person called God. Archbishop Durby was stripped naked, bound to a pillar, and scourged and mocked for hours by a band of 200 Reds.

PARIS, April 10, via London, 3:30 A. M.—The Get o'Ordre says the losses of the Nationals on Saturday and Sunday were 225 killed and 435 wounded. It is expected that the main attack of the Versailles army on the city will be made in the direction of Montrouge.

PARIS, April 11—Evening.—Yesterday Sergeant Mationae's guard wounded a Prussian at St. Dennis. A conflict ensued between the French and Prussians, and some members of the Commune soon made their appearance with a flag of truce, but the Prussians declined to recognize it. The disturbance, however, soon ceased.

Cannonading before Paris has recommenced, and many shells are falling about Porte Maillat and in the Champs Elysees placards counselling conciliatory measures towards the Versailles government, have been destroyed. The women of Paris have been invited to form a military organization for the defence o. the city.

Fort Montrange was attacked by the army of Versailles at ten o'clock this forenoon, and a violent cannonade and rifle fire is yet in progress.

TRIAL OF INSURGENTS AT VERSAILLES.

VERSAILLES, April 11.—The trial of the leaders of the insurrection which recently occurred in this city was commenced to-day, and the cases of M. Pellissiere and Cremieux will be decided by Thursday. Tranquility prevails.

FRENCH PRISONERS COMING HOME.

LONDON, April 12.—The Echo of Cologne, says the French prisoners are leaving Germany for home, at the rate of one thousand per day. The Echo adds, only those who are known to be favorable to the Versailles Government, are allowed to depart.

Rome Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

### "Young America" and the Pope.

Last Thursday one hundred American citizens, mostly Protestants, were presented to His Holiness at a formal reception, held for their benefit in the Vactican.

The ladies and gentlemen were drawn up in a line in two of the splendid rooms and as the Pope passed down the line, followed by the purpled functionaries of his court, the master of ceremonies called out the name and city of each party, who was thereupon honored with a few words in French by His Holiness, who was very cordial and good natured. He said "Although still they were of different nations and faith, still he considered them as being his children;" and bestowed the apostolic benediction, stretching out the first two fingers of his right hand toward each as he passed along.

At the end of the line stood a youth, of nineteen summers, a good specimen of "Young America." As the Pope approached him, and held out his hand to be kissed (as it had been by all the others, some kneeling and kissing his feet, *more Romano*,) the aforesaid youth made a slight bow, and warmly grasped the Head of the Church by the hand, in good American shake fashion.

Pius IX took it as a good joke—a piece of variety, the spice of life—especially in prison. His eyes twinkled; he lifted up one finger in a threatening attitude—of mock reproach—and then patted the evidently heretical youngster on the shoulder, asking him, in English, if he was from New York. "Yes," was the parting reply, and with a parting glance of being highly tickled by this especial proceeding of a Pope being familiarly shaken by the hand, Pius IX passed on. Young America was subsequently heard to remark some *fasons*, "I shook hands with him just as I would with General Grant."


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Warner's Pile Remedy has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of Blind, Itching or Bleeding Piles. Those who are afflicted should immediately call on their druggist and get WARNER'S PILE REMEDY. It is expressly for the Piles, and is not recommended to cure any other disease. It has cured many cases of over thirty years' standing. Price One Dollar. For sale by druggists everywhere.

DYSPEPSIA

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for Dyspeptics and those suffering with habitual Costiveness. It is a slightly stimulating tonic and a splendid appetizer; it strengthens the stomach and restores the digestive organs to their healthy state. Weak, nervous and dyspeptic persons should use WARNER'S DYSPEPSIA TONIC.—For sale by druggists. Price One Dollar.

COUGH NO MORE.

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, softening and expectorating. The extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving and eventually curing the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Asthma and Consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief and certain its effects in all the above cases, or any affection of the throat and lungs, that thousands of physicians are daily prescribing it, and one and all say that it is the most healing and expectorating medicine known. One dose always affords relief, and in most cases one bottle effects a cure. Send by druggists, in large bottles. Price One Dollar. It is your own fault if you ever cough and suffer. The Balsam will cure.

WINE OF LIFE.

The great Blood Purifier and Delicious Drink, Warner's Vinum Vitae, or Wine of Life, is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, being prepared for those who require a stimulant. It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the finest thing in the world for purifying the blood. It is the most pleasant and delicious article ever offered to the public, far superior to brandy, whisky, wine bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy, and cheaper. Both male and female, young or old, can take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, a life preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health and a free flow of lively spirits, will do well to take the Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by druggists; also at all respectable saloons.—Price One Dollar, in quart bottles.

EMMENAGOGUE.

Warner's Emmenagogue is the only article known to cure the Whites. It will cure in every case. Where is the family in which this important medicine is not wanted? Mothers, this is the greatest blessing ever offered you, and you should immediately procure it. It is also a sure cure for

# Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. S. LOCKE. J. P. JONES

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY APRIL 20, 1871.


## Terms of Subscription

### THE WEEKLY BLADE.

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

| | |
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| One Copy, one year | $2 00 |
| " " six months | 1 00 |
| " " three months | 50 |
| Clubs of five | $1 75 each. |
| " ten or more | 1 50 " |

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

**ON TRIAL.**—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it ON TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

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IN THE

### WEEKLY BLADE

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Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objtionable advertisements not accepted.

### REPUBLICAN COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE.

We have frequently remarked that no political party ever depended so little upon its leaders, or had its political fortunes so little affected by the actions of its prominent men, as the Republican party. THADDEUS STEVENS once said, when some of the great names of the Whig party were being used to fasten odious pro-slavery compromises on the country, that it would be well it in a Republic there could be no great men whose influence could be used to fasten false measures on a party or on the country. Previous to the birth of the Republican party, for a generation or more, factions and parties had formed around certain great names. ADAMS, JACKSON and CLAY gathered each his party out of the wreck of parties incident to the dissolution of the old Federal party. ADAMS, after his defeat lost the power, as he also seemed to lack the disposition, to retain a party in his defence and support, and around HENRY CLAY the Whig party gathered with a loyalty and heartiness of devotion such as few leaders have ever had the power to excite or to hold. The name of JACKSON, while he lived was considered the synonym of Democracy. After him came VAN BUREN, BENTON and SILAS WRIGHT, each in his way, leading a wing of attached personal admirers. DOUGLASS was the last leader of the Democracy, or of any party, who seemed to be an embodiment of the political sentiment of any great portion of our people. The momentum with which political events have moved carried the people beyond the control of individual leaders. And no man, in forum or in field, has been able to guide the course of even a single great measure, so as to place himself in a position of permanent leadership. In this we see nothing to regret. For in all the annals of history no contests have been so full of acrimony, so fruitless in good results, and so demoralizing to our politics, as those which have reference to men rather than principles or measures.

The recent election in Connecticut occurred at a time when danger was feared from the highly personal and bitter debate which grew out of the differences between the President and Senator SUMNER. The simple assurance given by the President that he did not urge St. Domingo as a party measure, and would have no policy to enforce against the convictions of the people, dispelled all irresolution and our party was victorious. The victory was neither for GRANT nor against him; neither for SUMNER, nor against him; it was for the Republican cause, separate and apart from any of its leaders, or any subsidiary questions. The Republicans of Connecticut while uncommitted to St. Domingo, while largely sympathizing with Mr. SUMNER, have not chosen him for their leader, nor have they abandoned or condemned the Republican party. They have protested against the Ku-Klux Democracy in a way which convinces them of the hopelessness of their case, and inspires new confidence everywhere in the strength and ultimate success of our cause.

That election, in connection with other events, assures the people that the Republican party lives independently of its office-holders and its leaders. It will live and conquer in spite of their mistakes and the acrimony of their debates and rivalry. The party is not going to give strength to the enemy through divisions about leaders. Were General GRANT and Senator SUMNER both stricken out of existence to-day, the cause with which they are both honorably identified would go forward, as it will, we hope and trust, while they are both spared, each in his own way, and according to his light, to advance the great and patriotic principles to which it is devoted.

One privilege also the party retains and will use. It will criticise its public officers and correct the errors of its servants. It will still command and its representatives must obey its rule. A candid and high-toned criticism on the part of its orators and journalists do not injure the party in the estimation of those whose confidence we claim. This would not have been permissible in the days when CLAY and JACKSON, marshalled the parties under their personal leadership. Then to criticise the "embodiment" was to be false to the party. We have no such impersonations, and we are glad of it. We have principles which are pure and patriotic—essential to the maintenance of the Republic. On these we shall continue to base our claims to popular support, and with them we shall stand or fall. That we shall stand invincible and victorious in the next Presidential contest all the signs of the times assure us.

### COLUMBUS NEWS.

In the Senate on the 14th inst., the President of that body laid before it a communication from the Trades Unions of Cleveland, remonstrating against the passage of the bill to protect workingmen and their friends from violence, wrong and intimidation. The joint resolution for *sine die* adjournment was reported back from the Finance Committee, and the House amendment fixing the 25th of April for the final adjournment was agreed to.

In the House a bill was introduced requiring every person rendering service to the State to make a statement of fees, and perquisites received by him in connection with his office before drawing any pay from the State. Mr. Howard introduced a bill to authorize trustees of villages incorporated for special purposes to require all able bodied men over twenty-one years old to perform two days' road work.

Mr. Appleton moved to reconsider the vote agreeing to sine die adjournment on the 25th of April. The motion was carried—17 to 8.

The forenoon session of the Senate, on the 18th, was devoted to local and miscellaneous business. At the afternoon session petitions were presented from Summit and Stark counties for the passage of the bill for the assessment of railroad property for taxes. The Governor nominated George B. Wright for Commissioner of Railroads, and Peter Hitchcock for trustee of the Idiotic Asylum. Bills were passed authorizing the trustees of Conneaut township to purchase fair grounds; authorizing life insurance associations to invest surplus earnings in State and national stocks; to exempt members serving five years in fire companies from military duty in time of peace and road work; authorizing the trustees of Warren, Trumbull county, to levy a street paving tax.

A communication was received from the Lincoln Monument Association, tendering to the State the Jones statue at a reduced price in the rotunda. The Select Committee reported in favor of paying Mr. Jones $9,653 for debts incurred in carving said monument.

Among the bills introduced in the House, were the following: By Mr. Steele, authorizing the incorporation of mutual benefit associations. By Mr. Griffith, authorizing the trustees of the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum to occupy the Lucas county buildings for the insane at one dollar rent per year until the completion of new Asylums. By Mr. Hudson, authorizing bank clerks to act as notaries, except where banks employing them are parties.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We find the following paragraph in the commercial columns of the St. Louis *Democrat*:

It is quite true that Chicago is still a heavier grain receiver than this city, but the fact *cannot be escaped* that we gain even more rapidly than she loses, and there is no power on earth potent enough at this time to prevent this city from becoming sooner or later the chief grain-receiving city of the West. The line of production will shift into Nebrasa, Kansas, Western Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. Year by year the grain-producing areas of these States will widen, while those of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois will contract, and their well tilled fields will be devoted to the rearing of stock, poultry and fruits and the production of more milk, cheese, butter and eggs than at present, just as Western New York, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Michigan have done, and just as many portions of Illinois are doing this moment. A few years ago first Rochester, then Buffalo, next Cleveland, then Toledo were great primary grain receivers, but the grain line continued shifting Southward and Westward, and now Chicago handles the bulk of the grain raised. But the inevitable change is going surely though slowly forward, and all in good time this city will become the great grain market of the continent. Buffalo and Toledo can secure to themselves the handling of many million bushels of the grain we shall receive in the years to come by seeing to it that the Erie and Wabash canal, extending from Toledo to Terre Haute, is continued to this point.

It would be a curious and damaging fact for St. Louis if the grain trade of that city did not increase as the country tributary to it becomes settled. But we see nothing in the facts to indicate that St. Louis is to become the chief grain-receiving city of the West. On the contrary, the facts are with the lake cities, Chicago at present having the advantage. The grain-producing area of the continent lies west of the lakes, or extends south and southwest over a region which is naturally tributary to them. So far from the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the States in their latitude tending toward stock-growing, as compared with the States of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, and States immediately tributary to St. Louis, the tendency is toward grain-raising. The natural stock-growing States are those which draw supplies from and which feed St. Louis, and so long as there are stock farms to be had on the plains of Texas, Kansas, Arkansas, and Missouri, stock growers will avoid the more Northern States.

The citation of cities to which the grain trade has shifted does not sustain the *Democrat's* view of a tendency southward. It simply shows that the tendency is westward, as it must necessarily be toward the great grain States of the West, and affords a very strong point in favor of the lake cities as against St. Louis, for it shows that the trade *has never left the lake cities*. From Buffalo to Chicago, it has shifted along the lakes, and there it must remain. Duluth, in the course of time, must do an immense grain trade, and the remainder or the bulk of the trade, must be mainly divided between Toledo, Chicago and Milwaukee. Even should the time ever come when the bulk of the grain product should seek railroad instead of water transportation, cities located like Chicago and Toledo with reference to the grain-producing area of the country would have largely the advantage of St. Louis.

But the point in the *Democrat's* remarks in which Toledo is most immediately interested is that by the extension of the Wabash and Erie Canal from Terre Haute to St. Louis, we can secure the handling of millions of bushels of grain which go to St. Louis. What is this but an acknowledgment of our claim that the grain trade tends towards the lakes? By this extension, Toledo would draw grain from the very neighborhood of St. Louis, and millions of bushels raised in Southern Illinois which now go to St. Louis or Chicago, would find their way to our docks. St. Louis herself would thus become tributary to Toledo, for much of the grain received from sources beyond that city, would take the cheap and direct water line to the lakes.

It was said during the pendancy of the GRIFFITH canal resolutions in the Legislature that canals were "antiquated" and "played out." But so long as water transportation has the advantage in freights, the commerce of the country is only less interested in canals than in rivers. We are especially interested in canal extension at this point, as our trade cannot but be largely augmented by the proposed connections with the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

A national rowing association of the American Colleges was formed at Springfield, Mass., on Saturday. A national regatta will be rowed sometime in July.

One thousand colored people are now awaiting transportation to Liberia.

☞ We have no hesitation in calling attention to the advertisement of the Western Medical Institute, 137 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The President of the Institute is a gentleman of standing, honor, and integrity, and a physician of wonderful skill in his specialities.

## Local News.

### TRAVELER'S REGISTER.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS.

| | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lake Shore | 9:50 | 11:30 | .... | 7:40 | 11:15 | 10:30 |
| M. S. R. R. (Old) | 6:15 | 10:15 | ..... | ..... | 4:25 | 4:35 |
| " (Air Line) | 2:50 | ..... | ..... | 5:20 | 4:35 | ..... |
| Toledo & Detroit | 10:35 | ..... | ..... | 12:30 | 4:40 | 9:00 |
| Jackson Branch | ..... | ..... | 10:15 | 4:25 | ..... | ..... |
| Dayton & Mich | 5:40 | 9:25 | ..... | ..... | 6:05 | ..... |
| T. W. & W. R. R | 2:10 | ..... | ..... | 5:10 | ..... | ..... |

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

| | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lake Shore | 3:00 | 6:35 | 10:35 | 4:45 | 5:40 | ..... |
| M. S. R. R. (Old) | 8:00 | 11:45 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 8:00 |
| " (Air Line) | 11:50 | 12:00 | 10:10 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| Toledo & Detroit | 6:00 | 11:55 | ..... | 3:45 | 8:05 | ..... |
| Jackson Branch | 11:45 | ..... | ..... | 8:00 | ..... | ..... |
| T. W. & W. R. R | 11:35 | ..... | ..... | 11:45 | ..... | ..... |
| Dayton & Mich | ..... | ..... | ..... | 12:45 | 3:20 | 9:20 |

Trains on the Lake Shore and Michigan lines are run by Cleveland time, which is six minutes faster than Toledo time.

Trains on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Road run by Chicago time—about 17 minutes slower than Toledo time.

## ELOPED.

### A Servant Girl's Marriage and Her Husband's Treachery.

JOHN PARKS was what may be called a fancy dock laborer; that is, he had more pride, more self-respect and wore better clothes than the other dock-wallopers. And then he was young too, his keen eye was lustrous with the vigor of his veins, his face was fresh and not hard and dry like those eel-skin faced men who roost on the Bridge street railings, flooding the sidewalks with their filthy saliva and staring so brutishly and brazenly at every modest lady that is compelled to pass that way; then he was an active, agile chap, and when lounging on the hard, heavy planked docks for, a job he would bound and scip and with his flying heels and artful toes would execute a *pas cul* lik a trained artist. He, some way, managed to have a plenty of the "needful," and when jirked up by the police for any of his perverseness he would promptly square the bill and thus save his fine clothes from the foul taint of the prison grates. Withal he was a prosperous youth for one of his guild and stood in high favor among the "boys."

Of course he had a "girl," and one that he loved right well, too. She was his mate in the rough side of life, earning her living by toiling and working the hardest kind. She was what impudent reporters sometimes call a belle of the kitchen or queen of the wash-tub. But these terms can be applied to ANNA appropriately, for the hotel proprietor for whom she worked informed the writer this morning that "the unfortunate girl was the most faithful of all the servants." ANNA was a jolly, gushing creature, and even a millionaire would, if within view, pause to see her stand with her bare arms akimbo and laugh and tell jokes about the boarders. But the jewel which shown the brightest in her plain but cheerful countenance was her virtue, and it was this purity of character that made her rustic suitor feel a kind of profound respect as well as ardent love for her when strolling the streets in her company, or stealing a chat with her from the kitchen window. There was another girl that he flirted with who was gayer and wore flashy "fixins," but when John soberly thought of choosing a companion for life's uncertain journey, his reason and better sense would point right straight at industrious Anna at the hotel.

Sometime in the winter John made up his mind about his love matters, and having got together some spare cash, he resolved to tie the "knot" between Anna and himself, and start out in the lucrative business of saloon keeping. On the 14th of April, the twain were made one flesh and one bone, and immediately thereafter the happy pair rented and took charge of a saloon and eating house on Ottawa street, just this side of Lafayette. Eaters and drinkers were plenty, and John's till overflowed with scrip, and he and his better half smiled in their prospective heirship to wealth.

But over the halcyon prospect there was soon spread the dark shadow of threatening evil. That girl that wore the gayer plumes was mad, and desperately so, at John's marriage, and her wrath was implacable. She declared that John had promised to marry her, and this pledge he must fulfil before she would rest in peace. The disappointed girl's only hope was to win back her old "flame" with secret words and seductive smiles, and these she applied with the subtlety of a serpent. After frequent stealthy interviews, the alluring siren conquered, and the husband ate the fruit of perfidy.—He began to turn the cold shoulder on his wife, and she on discovering the cause was wretched indeed. Their discord ran high, and soon the trouble came to the ear of the gossips and they regaled upon it. When the husband's paramour was sure of her prey, she would visit him while his wife was in the house, and he in turn would pay her the kindest attention and rudely spurn his weeping wife.

Last Thursday this woman made one of her visits, and while there the wife rallied her courage and gave her rival some deserved rebuke, when the husband interfered and there was a general broil. The result was, the faithless husband packed up his goods, pocketed all the earnings of himself and his wife, and on the next day left for Chicago with his unlawful companion. The abandoned wife is still in the city, and will probably not pursue the fugitives. Her rival's name is ELLEN GILLET, and she is said to have come from Buffalo.

PERFECT MOWER KNIFE GRINDER.—We call the attention of farmers to the advertisement elsewhere of the Mower Knife Grinder, manufactured by the Toledo Agricultural Works, Toledo, Ohio. It is a device by which one man grinds the knife, of a mower perfectly. It will do precisely what is claimed for it, and is worth ten times its price to any farmer. See the advertisement

☞ We would most respectfully call the attention of our readers to the card of Messrs. Jared C. King & Co., of Toledo, which appears elsewhere in this week's issue. The young men composing this firm are well known citizens of this city, and are perfectly reliable. The information they offer is well worth the consideration of all.

☞ Send ten cents to W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, and get three pieces of first-class music. See list elsewhere.

☞ Those musically inclined will notice O. Ditson & Co.'s announcement of standard operas.

Immigration into Kansas promises to largely exceed that of any previous year.

Indiana is said to have the largest school fund of any State in the Union. It amounts to over $7,000,000.

☞ SEE WHITNEY'S catalogue of ten cent music on 3d page.

**To Cure A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.** 20v21w20t4

## CAPTURE OF A CRIMINAL CHIEF.

### He Comes to Toledo and Plays the Role of a Railroad Man and Circus Agent.

#### Full Confession of a Black and Bloody Career.

One of the most daring and bloody felons who enjoys the freedom of this green earth was captured in this city yesterday, if his own statements can be believed. The circumstances are these: During yesterday forenoon, a gentlemanly appearing fellow with a thin, sallow face, black moustache black hair and keen eyes, presented himself at the office of Mr. J. B. MONROE, General Freight Agent of the D. & M. R. R., and asked for a pass to Cincinnati. As a claim for this favor he handed Mr. MONROE a letter, purporting to come from Mr. A. J. CASSETT, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, and asking the western railways to bestow upon the bearer courtesies in the way of passes. As the letter bore the appearance of genuineness, Mr. MONROE issued the pass as requested. On receiving it the stranger was so extravagant in his acknowledgements and assumed so many airs, that the suspicion of fraud at once crept into Mr. MONROE's mind, and he thought he would investigate the matter. Accordingly, after the stranger, who gave his name as CHARLES HAMMOND, had left, he sent a dispatch to the Superintendent in question inquiring about the letter and its bearer. In a short time a reply was received stating that the letter was a forgery. Of course this information settled Mr. MONROE's convictions and he accordingly set about to arrest the knave. During the latter's call at the office he stated that he was stopping at the Oliver House and that he proposed taking a ride around town before leaving for Cincinnati This bit of information made it easy to find the man, and so between twelve and one o'clock an officer took him into custody just as he was leaving for the depot. The reputed Hammond was lodged in the Station-house, and shortly thereafter a search of his clothes was made in order to secure the forged letter and the complimentary pass. This search, however, resulted in finding neither of those articles, and it was then suspected that they had been thrown down the vault leading to the sewer. The necessary tools were accordingly obtained and the vault being examined, the fragments of the pass and the letter were recovered.

During the afternoon it turned up that Hammond had registered his name at the Oliver House as C. D. Vandine, Agent of the European Circus, and that he had hired a horse and buggy of Mr. ARMS, under this pretended agency, to ride around the city and secure a tent site and arrange for the coming of his mammoth exhibition. When he had finished his ride, he returned to the Oliver House, and sent back the buggy by a lad, with the promise that he would call and settle for it. When he left the hotel just previous to his arrest, he did so under the pretext of returning again, and hence his account at that establishment is unsettled.

This morning the festive swindler was arraigned before Judge CUMMINGS on the charge of false pretenses and forgery, and was held for trial in the Common Pleas Court, and in default of bail was committed to jail. In making his statement to the court the prisoner said his real name was Charles D. Hildebrand, and that he had just come from his mother's home in Dearborn, near Detroit. He had been stopping awhile with his mother, who, he said, was a poor hard working woman, and he had decided to go to Cincinnati to get work. On Tuesday he came to Detroit, and from thence to Toledo. While on his way here, he fell in with a stranger to whom he told his plans. This man gave his name as Charles Hammond, and when he learned that Hildebrand was nearly out of money he gave him this letter signed by Mr. CASSETT, and told him to "check it" through on that. They arrived at the depot together, and at Hammond's suggestion, he (Hildebrand) assumed the character of a circus agent. This "pal" he declared to be a total stranger.

The prisoner told his story with a kind of positive, reckless air, as though he thought himself very shrewd and brazen. He was dressed in an ordinary dark suit, the coat being a bluish black, cut in military style and buttoned at the neck.

While his person was being searched yesterday, several long slips from the Detroit *Free Press* were found upon him which bore a sensational head, and gave a startling confession of a criminal career. Our reporter on being given one of these slips of paper, showed it to the prisoner, and the latter said that he was the party therein described. We append the entire contents of the paper:

"See here, mister," remarked a keen, young fellow, coming into the local rooms of the *Free Press* yesterday afternoon; "this here paper has been lying about me, and I want a correction." And he laid down a copy of a Milwaukee paper, and pointed to an article topped with several headlines. The paper asserted that Charles Laville was one of the most notorious cracksman and thieves in the country, and devoted a column to his prison experiences and other adventures.

"Well?"

"Well, I am a Michigan man, and my old mother lives at Dearborn, and she reads the *Free Press* as regularly as Tuesday comes round. Now, for her sake, I want to tell you all about it, and have you get it in print just as I tell it."

Ask the Chief of Police, any of the detectives, any of the Deputy United States Marshals, or almost any prison warden in the west, who Charles Hildebrand, *alias* Charles Laville, *alias* Tom, Dick and Harry, is, and they will answer that he is a black-eyed, Spanish-looking chap of about thirty, wiry, sharp, shrewd, and one of the most noted pocket pickers and robbers in this country. He came up stairs to have justice done him, singularly as it may seem, and is fresh from the State Prison at Waupon, Wisconsin, where he had been imprisoned about five years. His adventures remind one of the days of "merrie England," when Claude Duval, Dick Turpin and other "stand-and-deliver" gentlemen rendezvoused at Hounslow Heath, and broke their way out of Newgate as fast as caught. What he said may be exaggerated somewhat; the reader can judge to suit himself—only he gives names, dates and historic facts in a way to convince one that he has seen much of the world, and has been one of the greatest rascals off the gallows.

His real name is Charles D. Hilderbrand, and he was born at Dearborn, in this county, where his widowed mother still resides. He was stolen from home when three years old, and remembers but little of note until eight years of age. At Lasalle, Illinois, he fell in with two English burglars, who "adopted" him, took him to St. Louis, and there initiated him as a till-tapper. He tapped his first till in that city on the 28th of February, 1848. The trio soon went to Europe, where Hilderbrand got a three months' sentence at Paris for larceny. In the following year, for the same offense he got six months in the Bailey in London, his partners being sent to Van Diemen's Land. His youth told in his favor, and Hilderbrand was taken from jail and placed on a ship bound to America. In 1850, for a robbery at Montreal he got a sentence of six months, and his next sentence was one year in Kingston for sneak thieving. He was next sentenced to Blackwell's Island for six months for the same thing, but bought himself off. Turning up at Allegheny City, he assisted in a robbery and safe-blowing job, and got a couple of years in State Prison. In 1854, he landed in Cuba, and one night his two partners murdered and robbed a citizen of Havana. One was shot while trying to escape, the other was sentenced for life, and Hildebrand was sentenced for twenty-one years. Some of his "pals" were just then flush with money, and they feed a lawyer to get him out, a new trial failing to convict him. He went from there to Mexico was sentenced for 10 years for a robbery at Mexico City, but dug out of prison and escaped. In the fall of 1865, he was confined in a Southern prison for robbery, but again hired a lawyer to break down the evidence. The next year he met Frank Reno in Louisville, and initiated him into the use of burglars tools, and visited the man's relatives in Indiana. The country getting a little too hot for him, Hildebrand then went to San Francisco, but, after half of his gang had been hung by a vigilance committee, he returned, having committed an eighty thousand dollar robbery and squandered the proceeds. He then made another trip to England, was in jail several months at Birmingham, also at Lyons, France, and returned to America in 1857. He was sentenced to four months imprisonment at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, but bribed his way out after two months' service. He next got a sentence of three months at Chicago, and in 1862 at Lacon, Marshall County Illinois, locked Sheriff Gore up in his jail and made an escape.

It is useless to go further, because the man avowed he had been in eleven different State prisons, six different city prisons, thirty-nine jails, nineteen police stations and seven calabooses. In all he has had fifty-seven years of sentences pronounced against him, and has served a trifle over fourteen years in jails and prisons. He sat down and related thirty-one different murders that he knew of. He did not, of course, claim to have a hand in any of them, but the crimes were committed by his "pals," or the particulars made known to him by prisoners. He gave many names, exact dates, just how each murder, or "croke," was committed, and seemed to tell nothing but what he believed was true. He said that in 1866 a negro was murdered near a house of prostitution in Toledo. The same year, the night of the robbery at Campbell & Linn's, in this city, Hildebrand says that a man was murdered in Windsor, and his body thrown into the river. The victim was an Eastern man, who had been dogged here direct from Montreal. He claims that the Reno gang set the big fire in Old Vernon, Indiana, in 1859, and that they murdered a man there the next night. He also related many other murders which are known to the public at large. Just before the affair at Seymour, Indiana, Hildebrand was arrested at his mother's in Dearborn, on a charge of horse stealing, and his last term in prison was for this. Detective Stadler helped to arrest him on that occasion. He claims that he was the means of getting the express robbers captured, "blowing" on them because they deserted him in his hour of trial. He asserts that he is now an enemy to crime, and will forever throw up his old habits. He makes this change on account of a promise to a dying aunt, and because his mother has begged him to become an honest man. He has relatives on Beach street here, and his adventures are mostly known to our detectives as true.

## CAPTURED AND RELEASED.

### Two Farmers from Findlay Arrested for Horse Stealing.

On Sunday evening last Sheriff BROWNSBERGER, of Wood county, came to this city in pursuit of two men who, he had been informed, had stolen a pair of horses from a farmer near Findlay, Hancock county, by the name of GEO. TREAS. It was thought that the men were on their way to Adrian, Michigan, where they were to turn over the horses to a third party who was to drive them farther west. The Sheriff gave a full description of the horses to the police, and after securing a promise of their services in recovering the animals, and in arresting the thieve in case they should be seen here, returned home.

In pursuance of their promise, the police kept a careful watch for the arrival of the missing horses, and on Tuesday night, patrolmen MCCARTY and WAGONER discovered two strangers riding horses up St. Clair street. The arrival was forthwith made known to Sergeant STRICKER, who examined the horses, and made several inquiries of the men as to where they were going, etc. As the horses corresponded precisely with the description given by the Sheriff, the officers concluded to take the riders into custody. The men were accordingly locked up and held over night. They protested their innocence and willingly gave what seemed to be a truthful account of themselves. They said their names were NEWTON WILLIAMS and JAMES CARUTHERS, and that they were farmers living near Finlay. They claimed that they had been to Adrian in pursuit of a man named WM. COONTS, who was attempting to steal some horses belonging to their neighbor, Mr. TREAS, the same man whom the Wood County Sheriff had represented as having lost some horses. They stated that the horses they had, belonged to Mr. TREAS, and that he had allowed them to use the animal for the purpose of capturing the said horse thief. The origin of the affair was, as they said, this: Some time ago Mr. NEWTON received an anonymous letter, asking him if he would assist in stealing Mr. Treas' horses by driving them as far as Adrian and there turn them over to the writer. The compensation offered was $100. No attention was paid to this letter, and soon afterwards a second and then a third letter came, urging him to undertake the theft. In the meantime a stranger, whose name was afterwards found to be William Binlay, called upon Mr. NEWTON, one day and inquired if he had not received a certain secret proposition and asked if he would not accept the job. With a view to ferretting out the scheme and its author, Mr. NEWTON agreed to the plan and the time for meeting the writer of the letters was fixed for Monday last. Without delay Mr. NEWTON disclosed what had transpired to Mr. MYERS, the Sheriff of the county, and also to Mr. TREAS, the intended victim of the proposed robbery, and it was then arranged to secure the proposer of the affair by carrying out the scheme explained in his letters. Accordingly Mr. CARUTHERS was let into the secret and employed to assist in the effort. The two men left with the horses on Saturday night last, and the Sheriff left by rail. All reached Adrian at the appointed time and met (the Sheriff in disguise) at the appointed place for turning over the animals and receiving the $100; the mysterious and unknown COONTS failed to put in an appearance and so after a little delay the party turned homeward. As it was evident that this story might be either a fabrication in order to secure a release, or a truthful explanation of their real purpose, the Sergeant resolved to hold the men till word was received from Sheriff BROWNSBERGER, to whom a dispatch was sent forthwith.

The prisoners also sent a dispatch to the Sheriff at Findlay, stating their trouble and in due time received a reply, assuring the Toledo authorities that they were acting in good faith. On the receipt of this information the men were released and proceeded on their way home, being totally unable to explain what kind of a villainous game they were the victims of. They propose to see the Wood county sheriff and trace out the scoundrel who instructed him to secure their arrest. Such a dastardly scheme as this should certainly be ferreted out.

Daily BLADE April 13.


### WORKING TOOLS.

We furnish our Agents and all others who wish to get subscribers for the BLADE, with all the "working tools," such as posters specimen copies, &c., they can use to advantage. Send in your orders and they will be forwarded by return mail.

**Burnett's Cocoaine** is the best Hair-dressing


## BURNING OF THE STEAMER ERIE.

### An Interesting Reminiscence.

#### A NOBLE TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE MAN.

Thirty years, nearly, have elapsed since the burning of the steamer Erie in the vicinity of Silver Creek, yet there are many who remember the circumstance and will read with interest the following description of the destruction of that noble vessel. We are under obligations to Mr. DEGRAFF for this valuable contribution to the history of our Lake Marine:

EDITORS BLADE:—I noticed an article in the BLADE of March 30, referring to the death of Capt. McBride. You state that he was a wheelman on the steamboat Erie, when she burned on the night of August 9, 1841. This I think, is a mistake. Capt McBride had a brother on board the Erie who was a wheelman; he was badly burned and died at Erie two or three days afterwards; his name was Jerome. Capt. or Dennis McBride, was first mate of the ill-fated Erie.

Now, as I was on board of the Erie, and one of the saved, permit me to say a few words concerning Capt. McBride, myself and others. I was sitting on the boiler-deck conversing with some of the passengers, when I heard a heavy, dead sound at the boiler below—something like a blast under ground. I sprang to my feet and ran aft as fast as I could. My impression was that the boiler was about to burst. As I passed over the shaft, I looked back and saw the boat was in flames. I passed on, and when near the stern, got over the railing and stood on the outer edge of the guard, ready to take anything that might present itself that would buoy me up, and at this moment a scene presented itself that beggars description. Some were crying out, "we are lost;" others were calling upon God to have mercy upon them others almost frantic cried out "Where is my wife?" "Where are my children?" The fire and smoke were becoming almost suffocating, still I stood on the edge of the guard. Soon I heard the voice of McBride giving the command: "Over with this boat!" The boat was soon thrown over, and as it passed the guard the first mate (Captain McBride) sprang into it, and as soon it reached the water I sprang for it and landed safely into it. The Erie at this time was in full motion, going up he lake. There was a large rope attached to the small boat called the painter, (I think,) which was either fastened to the steamer, or got foul, and when it straightened up swamped us in a moment. I got away from it altogether, and when I arose to the surface I saw the small boat between me and the burning steamer. I swam for it with all my strength. By this time this large rope I spoke of had broken loose from the steamer and floated directly towards me, and in swimming I got hold of it and drew myself to the boat. When I got to her she was right side up, but filled with water. Many by this time had swam to her, about as many as could get hold of her, and as soon as possible I got into her. A very short time after she rolled over and I got away from her again; however, I swam to her again, or as near as I could get, for by this time there were about as many around her as could cling to her. I did the next best thing, laid hold of the first man I came to, who happened to be a German. But now came the tug of war; he, to save his own life, made every effort in his power to kick me off, while my own life depended on my grasp on him. He soon found he could not kick me off, so he elbowed those at his side and made room for me. He then reached and got me by the collar and drew me to his side, threw his arm around my neck and gave me a kiss. If he is yet alive, my soul says God bless that German. The boat was bottom side up at this time, so in order to ride the waves, McBride, and Wm. Hughes, second mate, got on her bottom, and slid from side to side, to keep her in that position, as we could ride the waves in no other way. The lake was very rough at this time, and we lay in the troughs of a heavy sea. Up to this time I had been under water nearly one third of the time; my strength began to fail, and I remembered I had a wife and child out in the (then) far West whom I loved as I did my own life. I then and there made a vow before McBride and Hughes and others, to God that if He would spare me for the sake of my wife and child, I would serve him faithfully all my days. McBride enquired of me if I ever prayed, I told him I did not. Hughes (Second Mate) at this moment began to pray, and I thought it was the most earnest and heartfelt prayer I ever heard. Now let me here say that I expect to bless God while I live, and praise him to all eternity, that I made that vow. Shortly after this I began to cramp in my right leg and hip. McBride drew me up on the boat and gave me such a slapping as I had never had before; this put the blood in circulation and the cramp left me.

About this time the steamer Dewitt Clinton came to our relief. Every eye was upon her and shout after shout rent the air. I begged of the men to keep the turve of our boat for if she should roll over now in our weak condition, the most of us would perish. McBride told them the same thing. A short time after she rolled over. She came toward me, I hung to her kneel thinking I would come out on the other side, but I found I was under her bottom. I held my breath about as long as I could. I felt above me and got hold of some one's foot. I soon found it was McBride. He took me by the hair of my head and drew me safely to her keel again. My prediction was true; all but five were lost. Shortly after this happened, we were picked up by a boat sent from the Clinton and taken on board the steamer, and all our wants attended to. Here we found Jerome McBride, whose back was almost burned to a crisp. He was saved by hanging to one of the anchor chains. It so happened that the iron was lying directly above him, and when it melted it ran down his back. Poor man, he suffered terribly. After picking up all that could be found, we were taken back to Buffalo. We remained in Buffalo some three days, when I parted with McBride. I loved the dear man; he had been an instrument in the hand of God to save me from a watery grave. When he departed for his home, which was Erie, Pa., I walked with him to the steamer, handed him a newspaper on the edge of which, I had written the following words:

DEAR FRIEND—"If misfortune should ever overtake you, look me up, and as long as I have one crust of bread I will divide it with you. I live in Joe Davies county, Illinois."

I have never seen that noble, kind-hearted sailor from that day to this. Peace to his ashes. I trust we shall meet again when the conflict is over and the victory won.

HIRAM DEGRAFF.

APPLE RIVER, ILL., April 8, 1871.

WHITNEY & CURRIER.—It is always agreeable to meet business men whose career is one of unbroken prosperity, and such we had the pleasure of doing yesterday on entering the musical emporium of WHITNEY & CURRIER. These gentlemen have a plenty of experience to narrate in the shape of hard work and the ordinary catalogue of obstacles to recount, but their enterprise and persistence surmounts each frowning barrier as it rises before them. It is a hard fight and a long fight to keep so great a business moving prosperously, but these sagacious gentlemen keep marching forward with bugles blowing and banners flying, and under the record of each day they write that golden word—Success.

Their establishment seem to be even more imposing and magnificent than it did on the occasion of their brilliant opening last year, and no lover of the tuneful art can walk through the spacious halls, walled as they are with every device that mortal genius has contrived to mimic "angels' voices, without feeling that here Music has a most worthy temple. In unbroken rows are arranged the famed instruments of the competing inventors of the country, among which are mentioned the names of Steinway & Chickering, Peloubet, Pelton & Co., and Loring & Black. These pianos, organs and melodeons, rich in the ornaments of the carver and the polish of the finisher, stand, in their mute rivalry, ready at the touch of the player, to contend in bird-like warbles or swelling peals, for the heart and the purse of the listener. To hundreds of homes, far and near, Messrs. WHITNEY & CURRIER have sent their instruments since their memorable opening, and these homes are now echoing, with sweeter notes of pleasure than ever before. Their trade is only bounded by States and every day adds its list of names to their order books. The firm is indeed an example of success in which Toledo can well take pride.

### NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

#### Fulton County.

The "boys" in Wauseon make their friends presents of new clothes. Their latest kindness was bestowed on L. T. Chase, who reciprocated by "setting up" the oysters at the Thompson House.

SCHOOL BOARD.—The following gentlemen now compose the Wauseon School Board: Dr. J. H. Bennett, Dr. S. F. Snow, Marcus Lyon, Walter Scott, John Spillane, J. R. Hibbard.

THE AGUE.—The Wauseonites have entered on the warpath against the ague, and with spades and picks they propose to dig earth and fill up all the ague and fever breeding sink-holes of the village.

HOUSE BURNED.—The dwelling house of Dr. E. H. Rorick, at Spring Hill, was nearly consumed by fire Wednesday afternoon. All the house hold goods were saved, and also the wing part of building. No insurance. Origin of fire not known.

EDUCATIONAL.—The Teachers' Association will be held in the Union School building in Delta, on Saturday, April 22d, at o'clock A. M.

#### Henry County.

TIMBER THIEF.—Francis Bissonese, of Flat Rock township, was convicted last Tuesday of stealing timber from the land of Brice Lowry and was obliged to pay the costs and restore the timber.

A vagrant named Doren is in the Napoleon jail for stealing a watch from Mr. Delvanthal, of Oakland.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A little three or four year old child of Mrs. Holly's, of Napoleon, was nearly drowned the other day, by falling into a tub of water.

HOUSE BURNED.—Last Saturday night the house and barn on the old Randall farm, in Harrison township, belonging to the Heller brothers, was entirely consumed by fire. As a peculiar incident connected with the circumstances, it is related that S. M. Heller, in New York at the time, dreamed that he saw the building all in flame, above the very hour the fire took place and so firmly did the dream fix itself upon his mind that he was worried about it, and on his return home he inquired, before he was spoken to on the subject, if there had not been a fire.—*Napoleon Signal.*

#### Mansfield and Coldwater R. R.

EDITORS BLADE:—Our article

the road will run, we will give you fellows in Grand Rapids the privilege of singing

its over there, just over there,
The cars from Mansfield do appear;
When, with a few more *stamps* and a little care,
We might have had them here.

CHORUS.

"Oh, for a few more stamps," &c.

TUNE—"Sallie come up"—with variations.

But you "haiut got the nerve," Mr. "Railroad"; you're too weak in the back. Grow a little, and then we'll talk to you about a railroad.

KERN.

April 17, 1871.

### Defiance.

EDITORS BLADE:—The events of the past week have not been of a really startling character, but enough so to keep up the excitement necessary to keep a community in a healthy condition.

A brutal assault was committed by one Wm. McCreath on a laborer named Fleming. McCreath was one of the firm of McCreath & Co., contractors building the jail here. McC. having charge of the work, but on account of dissipation and gross neglect of duty, Judge Leatty allowed an injunction dispossessing him of all right to control the work; a receiver was appointed and the work put under the charge of a competent man. It appears that McC. got into a controversy with this man Fleming, and at a time when Fleming's back was to him, he struck him across the back of the head with a bar of iron that he had in a concealed manner about his person. It was a very cowardly and almost a fatal blow. The blood ran from the man's ears, but he is better; still there is a fair prospect of McC. being the first felon in a jail of his own building.

The excavating for the new Court House is almost completed.

We came very near having a big fire a few evenings since. Our ebony barber Jo. Kain, had lit his lamp filled with "Danforth's non-explosive oil" for sale by J. P. Buffington & Co., and not having a chimney on said lamp, went over to Dr. Bechels to get one, but before he got back the contents of the lamp commenced burning. Jo. seeing the state of affairs, undertook to carry it out, but finding it very warm he set it down on the floor, without stooping. The consequence was it broke, and scattered the burning fluid on the floor; but the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. Jo. was badly scared but not much hurt.

At an election for school committee, our friend Dr. J. P Buffington and H. Hardy, Esq., were elected. The Doctor ran away ahead of his ticket, beating the Hon. Wm. D. Hill badly. The Doctor is a graduate, and has peculiar faculties that fit him for the position to which he has just been elected. He will be the right man in the right place. The Board will do themselves honor by placing him as chairman on committee on teachers.

At a meeting to-day of the School Board of the township (this board is composed of the Directors of the several sub-districts of the township), an order was spread upon the minutes that no colored child should be admitted to the schools. This they did without authority of law, constituting themselves a court of law. This was a purely Democratic motion—it was a Democratic measure carried out by Democratic means.

We are going to have Madam Agnes Lake's great circus here to-morrow. I notice it is in Toledo to day, and on the 28th we will have from the west James Robinson's great circus. It is to be in Toledo on the 29th. These large shows don stop at the smaller towns on the line of the Wabash Railroad; just at such places as Toledo, Defiance, Ft. Wayne, and towns of their size.

The jail will be finished this week. It is all done now but some inside painting. It is a very neat and well built building; a full description of which we will give as soon as it is finished.

VV.

### Genoa, Ohio.

EDITOR BLADE:—The weather for the past few days has cooled us off somewhat, but has been favorable for business. The roads are now in good condition and our *boats* are laid up for another season.

An examination of the fruit shows that it has not been injured by frost, and the prospect is favorable for a bountiful crop unless injured hereafter.

Our village prospects continue to brighten. Improvement is the order of the day. Real estate is advancing rapidly in value, and many transfers are being made.

The Railroad Company is overhauling the track along this section, putting down new ties and iron. We hope for a new passenger depot during the season. They are also blasting a ditch through the stone ridge along side the road at this place. The amount of powder used in blasting in the various works here would amount to quite an item at the end of the year.

Our schools begin again to-day. The election for Director last Monday was one of the hottest contests since the "Hard Cider" campaign, and resulted in the re-election of the Director whose term expired, by a large majority. The issues were many.

We need a good lumber yard and factory here, that can furnish pine lumber and building materials of all kinds on short notice at reasonable prices, without our having to go to Toledo or Fremont. Such a concern would require a large capital, but would pay well.

We need another hotel or two badly, as the accommodations here are not sufficient. We have a couple of saloons that we might trade, as they are not much profit to either the owners or the place.

The Good Templars had a neck-tie party and supper at their Hall on Friday evening—quite an attendance and a good time. The drawing of partners was the most interesting part of the performance.

A man named Allen, employed at Newman & Ford's lime-works on Saturday afternoon, while engaged in dumping stone, was, by the breaking of a rope attached to the crane, thrown from the top of one of the patent kilns about 30 feet in height, and struck upon two men at work on the ground, injuring all of them more or less, but he is around to-day.

A boy at Wyman & Gregg's works last week, while at the same business, lost his balance and fell into the kiln under a bucket of stone, bruising him somewhat but not seriously. The wonder is that among so many hands employed, and the various risks attending the work, there is not at least one killed every week. So far, accidents have been few and none fatal.

Mr. George Brim, one of the oldest citizens and largest farmers, living on the pike south of this place, had his leg badly fractured by a timber falling upon him while at a barn raising.

April 17, 1871. CLAY.

### MARRIED.

ARNOLD—WILLIAMS—In this city, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. S. M. Beatty, MR. HENRY ARNOLD and MISS AMANDA WILLIAMS, all of Sandusky county.

COOPER—WILLIAMS—In this city, on Thursday, the 13th inst., by Rev. Francis E Abbott, at the residence of the bride's mother, WM. M. COOPER and REBECCA WILLIAMS, all of Toledo.

### DIED.

SULLIVAN—At 5 o'clock, this morning, of Consumption, MARY ANN SULLIVAN, aged 21 years and 10 months.


## CAUTION.

ALL persons are cautioned against the purchase of the following Tickets of the Railway Passenger Assurance Company of Hartford, Conn.:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| From | No. 1 | Nos. | from | 6 | to | 100 | inclusive, | |
| " | " 2 | " | " | 1 | " | 1 0 | | ¼ |
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| " | " 10 | " | " | 0 | " | 49 | | " |
| " | " 30 | " | " | 0 | " | 24 | | " |

The above named Tickets were stolen from Office No. 1,209, and the Company will not be responsible for any accident that may occur under one of the above tickets.

T. R. RATHBURN, Agent,
apr20w1t. Office 1,209, Quincy, Mich.

## GREAT BARGAINS.

THREE FINE FARMS in Lucas county Ohio, 12 miles from Toledo 2½ miles west of Holland on the Air Line railroad in the best fruit region in Ohio.

No. 1, 67 acres, 35 improved, a good convenient brick house, with well and cistern, a large orchard in good bearing, 2 barns and other buildings, all well fenced in.

No. 2, 77 acres, 57 improved. A good orchard, good barn and a log house.

No. 3, 107 acres, 25 improved, all fenced in.

From 2 to 10 acres good Cranberry land on each farm.

Also 30 acres near these, 5 improved and a log house.

No. 1 and 2 well drained with tile, the rest with good ditches.

Orchards, the best grafted fruit, in good bearing.

Also 80 acres in Spencer Township, on the Airgo a Road, 35 miles west of Toledo mostly heavy timber. Will be sold very cheap for cash, or a short time given. For particulars apply at the farm or address J. W. CRESSY, Holland P. O Lucas county, Ohio. apl2 1w1t

**SHORT HAND.** 150 Words per minute, in Four Weeks. Send stamp for Circular. Prof. GRAY, P. O. Box 4847 New York. ap|20w1t*

**$60 A WEEK** paid. If you want business send stamp to NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. ap|20w1yr-73

NOW is the time to subscribe for the Dashing, Wide-awake, Jolly Rollicking YANKEE CLIPPER. The largest and best paper for the price in America. Devoted to the amusement of all fun-loving Yankees beneath the Sun. It will please you. Only 50c a year. A SPLENDID PRIZE to every subscriber. Satisfaction given or money refunded EVERY TIME. Sample 5c. Address CLIPPER, Elsie, Mich. ap|20w1|13

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E. WELLS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Flour, Feed and Produce

COMMISSION HOUSE,

No. 87 MONROE ST., (NEAR HURON.)

E. WELLS, Toledo, O.
J. W. BUELL,
Consignments solicited. dec16|1yr|tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## PERFECT MOWER KNIFE GRINDER

TO ALL FARMERS who use a Mowing Machine send us $3.00 and we will send you "Our **Perfect Mower Knife Grinder**, that you can attach to any common grind stone, no matter how rickety, and grind your Mower Knives to as perfect a bevel as when they were new. It is very simple and easily set so you can hold the knife to the stone with one hand without any danger of being cut, and turn with the other and if you try never so hard, you cannot grind the knife imperfect. It will come to a perfect bevel. One will last a life-time, as it is made mostly of iron. TOLEDO AGRICULTURAL WORKS, manufacturers of Sulky Reaper and Mower, Toledo, Ohio. ap|20w2t

## 7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

Northern Pacific Railroad

**Rapid Progress of the Work.**

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last), is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed *266* miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over *130* miles of finished road, and track-laying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has *413* miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least *560*.

**A GOOD INVESTMENT.** Jay Cooke & Co., are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have *30* years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than *8* per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENTS, and also, as fast as the Road is completed, on

*23,000* **ACRES OF LAND** to every mile of track, or *500* Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from United States Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations: Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000.

**LANDS FOR BONDS.** Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at TEN PER CENT. ABOVE PAR, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically INTEREST BEARING LAND WARRANTS.

**SINKING FUND.** The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the re-purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more PROFITABLE OR SAFE.

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## THE INDEX,

A WEEKLY PAPER DEVOTED TO

FREE RELIGION.

PUBLISHED BY

THE INDEX ASSOCIATION, AT TOLEDO, O.

**Two Dollars a Year.** $2

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Editor.
OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, WILLIAM J. POTTER, RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, J. VILA BLAKE, WM. H. SPENCER. *Editorial Contributors*

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OF

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ALBERT HERZIG,
Swanton, Lucas county, Ohio, or to
M. WEBNER,
No. 329 Summit street, Toledo O. mch6-w4t*


**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

John Krewer, vs. Joseph A. Granger. } LUCAS COUNTY COMMON PLEAS.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued from said Court in the above entitled cause, I will at the door of the Court House in Toledo, in Lucas county, Ohio, on the

20th DAY OF MAY, 1871,

at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, offer for sale at Public Auction, the following described land and tenements, to wit: Lots numbered 106 and 107 in Hunt's Addition to the city of Toledo, Lucas county, Ohio.

P. H. DOWLING, Sheriff.

T. J. McDONNELL, Attorney.

ap|4-1w4w ($6)


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TOLEDO, O.


## NOTICE.

ON the 24 day of March, A. D., 1871, Noah H. Swayne filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Lucas, in the State of Ohio, asking for reasons therein stated, to-wit: That he is the owner of more than two-thirds of the plat known as Swayne's Place, in the City of Toledo; that the recorded plat exhibits a certain alley fifteen feet in width running parallel with Madison street for a distance of eleven hundred and seventy-five feet, the north line of said alley being one hundred and thirty-four feet to the southwest of the south line of said street. The petition further represents that it is desired to vacate said alley, and to establish another of the same width and direction at a distance of one hundred and seventy-four feet from Madison street in the same direction as at present. And the petition further represents, that said alley was laid out entirely by himself, and that he has sold lots bordering on said alley to but three persons, all of whom have requested or consented to the change as above defined.

Said petition will be for hearing in the May term of court, 1871.

By WAGER SWAYNE,
Toledo, April 5, 1871—d1d&Lw3t His Att'y

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of John Freeheart, late of Lucas county, Ohio, deceased

WILLIAM WILKINSON, Administrator.
Toledo, April 6th 1871. ap|13|Lw3t

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as administrator of the Estate of Francis Ryan late of said County of Lucas deceased

M. C. O'CONNOR, Administrator
Toledo, April 4 1871. ap6|w3w

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

William L. Douglass, vs. Amasa M. Gillett, et al. } LUCAS COUNTY COM. PLEAS.

BY virtue of an order of sale, issued from said Court, in the above entitled cause, I will, at the door of the Court House, in Toledo, Lucas County, Ohio, on the

18TH DAY OF MAY, 1871,

at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, offer for sale at Public Auction, the following described lands and tenements, to wit: The northwest fraction of the northeast quarter of section number thirty-two (32), in town seven (7), north range nine, east, containing seventy-five acres more or less. Also, the east part of the northwest quarter of section number thirty-two (32), containing 78 50-100 acres of land. Also, fifty acres of land off of the north end of the following described premises, viz: the west part of the west half of fractional section thirty-two (32), town seven (7) north range nine, east, said piece containing 106 54-100 acres, situated in the County of Lucas and State of Ohio.

P. H. DOWLING, Sheriff.

BISSELL & GORHILL, Attorneys.
Toledo, Feb. 18, 1871—d1ew5w (mes)&Lw2t

## ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Board of Commissioners of Lucas County, Ohio, at their May session, A. D. 1871, praying for the location of a County road on the following line, to wit: Commencing at the South East corner of section 34 Town 7 North Range 9 East, thence west on the section line to the South West corner of said section 34, and there terminate.

Dated the 25th of March, A. D. 1871.

mch3|1w4w YARNAL RAKESTRAW.


## SEED POTATOES AND SEED CORN.

EARLY ROSE, $3.00 per bbl., $2 per bushel.
EARLY EXCELSIOR, $3.00 per bbl., $2 per bush.
CLIMAX, $3.0 per bbl., $2 per bushel.
NEW WHITE PEACH BLOW, $3.00 per bbl., $2 per bushel by the barrel and less.
PREMIUM SANFORD CORN, $2.50 per bushel.

All orders promptly attended to.

HENRY PHILIPPS,
apr18|w4w. Toledo Ohio.

**TWO MEN CUT A 12-INCH LOG**

by hand, with this saw, in eight seconds on September 1st, 1869, at Philadelphia, in the presence of Major General Meade and numerous other distinguished men.

These are the only Saws in operation that are equivalent to the front Cutting and Clearing of a Hand Saw BOTH ways, viz: going and coming. The slant edges between the points do not cut. All Teeth are cutters. All Teeth are clearers. As it costs five hundred or more dollars for the labor that wears out any saw, a saving of one-fifth by speed and ease of an improved saw saves the costs of a dozen. The length, strength, stiffness and durability of these teeth are obvious. Note also speed, ease, simplicity and clearance.

SPEED—Vertical or advancing cuts are more effective than retreating edges of old V cutters used by all other saws.

EASE—It is easier to plow a groove in timber than to crush them out.

SIMPLICITY—All points are the same length and cut their way. We do not now recommend thick raking and hook teeth, as they require so much shortening and re-adjustment.

CLEARANCE—Cutting by projecting faces, they clear like a plow, simultaneously.

These SAWS are universally conceded to surpass in speed in ease and in simplicity, if any one questions it let him accept my $500 challenge and have the matter settled. Not one saw in twenty thousand has failed in quality. New 1871 pattern now ready. Enlarged dust spaced SAWS for sale by the hardware trade of America.

E. M. BOYNTON,
Proprietor of Lightning Saw Patents,
87 Beekman Street N. Y.

P. S.—Do not confound my Lightning M Cutting Teeth with any feeble imitations of name or outline having thick, raking teeth, which, unless very carefully shortened, are elect

# Our Young Folks.

### A LITTLE THING.

It was such a *little* thing,—
One slight twist of crimson string;
But 'twas stealing, all the same,
And the child who took it knew
That she told what was not true,
Just to screen herself from blame,
First a theft, and then a lie,—
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a *little* word,
Softly spoken, scarce y heard,
Uttered by a single breath;
But it dared to take in vain
God s most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips, once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one *little* blow,—
Passion's sudden overflow,—
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But, once loosed, the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
Laws it spurned, defied them all,
Till the hands,—love clasped in vain,—
Wore the murderer's crimson stain,

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
That across the forest shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

## The Well in the Hay Mow.

An untenanted farm lay in one of our rural towns, the hay of which had been harvested and stored in the barn upon the premises. One day in late autumn, several boys driven to seek shelter from the rain without, met here, and, as a matter of course, soon engaged in playing games, tricks, and projects. Tiring after a while of the common routine one, with more invention than the others, proposed to get upon the hay mow and "dig a well." No sooner proposed than acceded to by the others, and climbing up they set about the proposed "well" with alacrity that would be very pleasing in something more useful.

They succeeded by dint of burrowing, tugging, and tucking to sink their work several feet in a short time. Success always makes us bolder, and so they persevered; those in the "pit" throwing out the loosened hay, leveling it about till the "well" reached nearly the bottom of the mow, a distance of some twelve or fourteen feet. With assistance of those above the "miners" were drawn out, and then a consultation held. Again the boy of inventive genius put his power into action, aided, I fear, by that spirit of Mischief that stalks abroad seeking tools to carry out its designs and fools who worship it rashly and blindly.

"Let's put some small sticks across the top of our well, and then cover it over nicely with hay, and some day we will get Jim Hill, that great lubber that thinks he's so smart, into it, and then, won't it be fun." So said John Lyman, the leader of these well diggers.

"Capital!" "Good!" "Bully!" "Take some of the conceit out of him, I reckon!" were the exclamations that seconded this piece of mischief. (Mind you, I don't uphold these boys in their plan for taking the conceit out of Jim Hill. Yet we shall see how it will work.)

The next dull day found the boys, and Jim with them, assembled at the lone barn with talk and brag and bluster. The secret of the well digging rested with its makers, Jim being in profound ignorance of its existence. After various games and feats had gone the round of those present, Jim, for reasons of their own, being victor each time, it was proposed to go upon the "great beams and see who could leap farthest upon the mow."

Eagerly it was accepted, and Jim, with his self-conceit not at all diminished by his late victories, declared that he "could jump further nor eny tew boys in the heap."

John Lyman could not afford to fail now of his anticipated triumph. With the air of a general, mustering his forces for a decisive struggle, he assigned each one his station.

"Now, boys, when I give the word one, two, three, *jump*, you must all go together 'like a thousand of bricks.' Jim, you see that lock of hay there? If you jump *over* that you beat us. Are you ready? One, two, three, *jump*."

Down they came, like a flock of sheep over a wall—no, like a cataract I mean, Jim right over that very "lock of hay," ebounding like bat-balls from a pavement, except Jim, who with a crash, a shriek terrific, which the cavernous depths of the "well" smothered to a roar, sank from sight.

"Jim's knocked the bottom out of the hay mow," they shouted on recovering breath after an indulgence in the wildest laughter at the success of the trick.

Between the scare, and violence of bringing up after a protracted leap, Jim was rendered for a minute hardly *corpus mentus*. Soon recovering he bellowed lustily to be taken out. But his comrades had hardly given him all the lesson intended, as yet.

"Jim, don't you remember that story you told us t'other day 'bout the old man's cat that sat on the ridge of the barn, and when a swaller came along jumped off after him, and if he didn't catch him would *jump back again*? Can't you come that, Jim, like the old cat did?"

With like consoling talk and many allusions to "big stories of his," they beguiled some minutes of his captivity, till Jim began to show signs of repentance, and that much of conceit was taken out of him. They then procured a rope and lowered it down to him, retaining one end to draw him out by. Jim's first attempt at scaling the "hayey wall" was not encouraging, for when half way out, he felt the rope slacken "prone to the dust again." This raising hopes to suddenly thrust them down again was cruel; yet as a faithful narrator, we can not omit them.

Several "lettings down" served to "let down" also, what little conceit there was left inside of Jim's cranium. He begged lustily but humbly and was heard and stood again a free fellow upon "solid hay." With the sweat of recent exertion rolling down his face, and mortification mirrored in every feature, he made a small speech: "Boys, that was a good un; and I hope this lesson will not be lost upon me. I think you've taken the swell out of me good. Shall we quit?"

"Hurrah for Jim!" "Hurrah for Jim!" "Bully for you old boy!" "Give us yer hand!"

And I would add that Jim became, if not cured, greatly helped of his self-conceit. If any of his old traits show themselves, the mere allusion to the "hole in the hay mow" was sufficient to produce a most agreeable change in his conduct.

Perhaps I should end this veritable tale here, yet I should like to follow the "hole" a little further. Mr. Spruce, from the city, a nice, fine, fashionably dressed, smooth spoken, velvety young dealer in produce in scouring the county for "grain" fell upon a lot of hay that was offered for sale. The owner being absent he was directed to the barn by the housewife, and drove off to examine, and test the article. Arriving at the place he hitched his team and proceeded to investigate.

Now to cover up the "Mischief" of making a "well" in a hay mow, the boys before leaving had replaced the sticks and hay over us "down below" and the top of the mow had a very innocent appearance. At least so thought Mr. Spruce, who, after examining the side ascended to the top, and commenced a promenade over its surface. Mr. Spruce was not a very heavy man, yet "his weight was sufficient to carry him down," and stepping upon the treacherous covering he found this axiom true. Of what use was it to call for help in this lone barn? So after satisfying himself on this score he set to work, as many have done before, "to work his way out." Perhaps two hours was thus agreeably spent pulling out hay from the sides and building up under his feet. Hay *will* stick to broadcloth, and chaff in the hair, and even a tall shiny hat gets soiled in such a place as this, so pray imagine Mr. Spruce's appearance as he emerged from the barn, pondering upon a certain passage that he had heard but had forgotten in what book it was, "Take heed, when ye think ye stand, lest ye fall." If some of his conceit wasn't left in that hole in the hay mow then they that labored to build it labored in vain. Sometimes Mischief does good, yet I do not uphold it.

## Pinkie's Tea Party.

"There'll be Jennie, she is one; and Mamie and Lulu, they're two—no, four. Oh, mamma! I can't count three. And Kitty and Grace and Flo. Mamma, are you in real, truly earnest?"

"Yes, dearie; you can take your choice between birthday presents and a tea-party."

"Oh! I've chose the party the moment you mentioned 'bout it. But am I to do my own 'viting all my own self?"

The family were all gathered into the room for worship; and mamma only had time to nod yes before the books were given out and the reading began. Pinkie sat still as a mouse, thinking whom she should ask to her party; till papa, in whose lap she sat, read in his turn,—

"'Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee; but, when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.'"

Pinkie was very attentive all the rest of the time. As they rose from their knees, she whispered eagerly to her father, "Who is *He*,—the one that said who to invite to your party?" And when he said, "The Lord Jesus, darling." "I supposed it must 'a been," she said; "nobody else would 'a thought of it. Would they?" And without waiting for an answer, off she ran.

The girls were all very loving in school that day. Jennie Davis, in the strictest confidence,—"Promise you'll never tell so long as you live!—*never!*" had told half the girls, and they told the other half. Pinkie May was going to have a tea-party to-morrow; and her mother said she could ask just whoever she pleased. Human nature in very small girls is strikingly like the same thing in grown-up ladies. Pinkie was overwhelmed with offers of licorice-root, popcorn, and—from a few choice spirits—chewing-gum; to say nothing of the slate-pencils that were showered on her when she couldn't find her own. But she bore her popularity with a good deal of dignity.

"A girl nine years old to-morrow musn't act like a pack of children any more," she told Jennie Davis, who admired and assented.

To-morrow came, bringing with it many kisses and good wishes for Miss Nine-year-old—from big sister Maggie down to brother Jack.

"What time does the party 'take in?'" papa asked at the breakfast table.

"Five o'clock," said mamma. "Who've you asked, Pinkie?"

"Mamma, please don't ask till you see 'em come in; you know you promised. And I haven't 'vited 'em yet. I'm going to right after school; may I, mamma?"

Mamma said "yes," and Pinkie hurried off to escape from that provoking Jack, who marched slowly after her, singing, "O Pink and blue! I'm going too;" which Pinkie said wasn't poetry, 'cause blue and too didn't end with the same letter.

Three o'clock came, and no Pinkie. Half past three—four; and Cornelia put on her hat, and went round to the Davises to see if she had forgotten the time in talking the party over with Jennie. Back she came in a state of great excitement.

"She hasn't been there at all, mamma; and Jennie says she hasn't invited her nor any of the girls. Where *do* you suppose she is?"

Mamma began to feel worried; and sister Maggie, who had just come in with a bundle that *looked* like books, was offering to go and make a more thorough search, when the door-bell rang. A suppressed shriek was heard from Katy as she opened the door; when Pinkie's voice sounded, "Come in! come right in the parlor! It's just azactly five o'clock: I guess the party's most ready." And in they came, Pinkie at their head, as serenely triumphant as "Our Fritz." Maggie echoed Katy's shriek. The parlor was full of them. Not a pair of shoes among them, though a good many had made an attempt at clean faces—Irish and German, black and white, and two little Italians who had been singing in the street. Their clothes were in tatters, their poor little faces thin and wan. All the poor children from Dodd's Alley and Glenn Court. There were two little lame boys; and, clinging close to Pinkie's hand, a pale, half frightened little blind girl.

"Goodness!" screamed Janie, "whose are they? Where did they come from?"

"Most everywhere," said Pinkie. "They don't be'ong to hardly any one 'cept God, and I've brought 'em to my party."

Mamma laid her hand on Janie's lips, and frowned silence at Cornelia and John. "Why didn't you ask me, dear?" she said gently.

"You said, just who I choosed," said Pinkie, slightly aggrieved, "And Jesus told me to ask 'em this morning; out of the Bible; yes, he did, Cornelia! And, mamma, I've been all round and round; and ain't the party ready?"

"She's too good to live," said Katy.—"Yes, darling, it's all ready, just so soon as I lock up the silver spoons."

By this time mamma and the rest had recovered their presence of mind, and Pinkie's guests were made heartily welcome. The very direst had their faces and hands washed; and then they were all marched into the dining room and sat down to one of mamma's unrivalled teas. After tea, Pinkie told some Bible stories, and sister Maggie won all their hearts by playing and singing. Mamma's full eyes brimmed over when poor little blind Ellen, after listening breathlessly to "The Master has come over Jordan," whispered, "Is it far, lady? Could I get there? Maybe he'd make me see."

"And, after all, they didn't behave much worse than other children," said Janie, when they had gone away well fed, warm, and happy for once, and Pinkie was deep in Maggie's gift,—"The Pinks and Blues of the Orphan Asylum."

"Plaze, Mrs. Mary, here are all the spoons, and not one missing. Praised *be Providence!*" said Katy.

"I'll never speak to you again, never one word, so long's I live, Pinkie May!" said Jennie Davis the next morning. "To think you'd go and have a party, and not ask your own confidentious friend, and fill your house chock up with beggars!"

"They weren't beggars, either," said Pinkie, the valiant. "They never begged of me. True's you live, I had to coax some of 'em real hard to come."

"*Coax* street children!" sneered Jennie.

"They're God's children!" said Pinkie, waxing warlike. "And yesterday, at worship, my father he just read *out of the Bible*, Janie Davis, 'bout, if you're going to have a party, to ask poor people, and lame ones, and blind; and so I did, and not your rich friends, who'd ask you back; and that's *you*, Jennie."

"You needn't be afraid of that *now*, Miss Pink May."

"No, Miss Jennie Davis, I *ain't*, 'cause I'm sorry to mention it, Jennie; but only last week, when I was at your house and your mother gave you two chocolate sticks, you ate the whole of one, and most all the other, 'cept one small bite you *measured off* for me. And I was company, Jennie!"—*Christian Banner.*

### The Pet Quail.

Last spring, when the days grew long and warm, and the newly hatched birds were leaving their nests, an Indian one day gave our preacher a little quail that had been lost by its mother. The minister gave it to us, and we made a cage out of a cellar box for the quail and a cripple chicken. At first the tiny thing refused to eat, and made friends with no one but the chicken, who in time acted the part of mother. Both grew, and soon the cage was too small for them. The chicken was now well, and went about the yard as usual followed by its little charge.

The quail was regarded as a great curiosity by the little folks, who gathered daily in the yard to watch its movements. As the quail, now christened Pet, neared maturity, he began to show a great aversion to the company of our neighbors' hens, and would allow none inside our yard. Many and long fought battles did Pet have with neighbors' hens, until at length he was acknowledged master.

Pet did not forget his foster mother, but took especial care that no harm should befall the little chick, now a large yellow hen, that had watched over him in his infant days; and each night he returned to his place on the roost under her wing.

Pet was an early riser, and the first streak of light in the east was the signal for his shrill whistle to begin. Often through the day would he fly near groups of children, and although he always scolded them for taking him in their hands, we secretly believe he rather liked to be caught. He had a certain round of visits to make each day, and certain neighbors welcomed him with corn, wheat, and other delicacies. Pet was the pet of the town, but alas! the evil day for him came.

Pet had never whistled longer than on one Sunday morning. About two o'clock P. M., he came in the house for his dinner, and to be petted, and went out again, and flew away as usual. Toward evening little Charlie Peacaut came running towards the house, saying,—

"Your quail is shot! Dave shot him!"

Charlie said he saw the man watching Pet, and then go after a gun. Just as he was going to fire, Charlie sain,—

"Don't shoot, Dave! that's Mrs. Northup's quail!" but the only response was, "I am going to shoot," and in a moment Pet was no more.

Children, what do you think of a man that will thus wantonly destroy the children's pets? Shun such men, if you would keep your young hearts pure.—*Covington News.*

### Two Sides of a Story.

"What's the matter?" said Growler to the black cat, as she sat mumping on the steps of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head the other way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I heartily wish some one would hang her."

"Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler. "Pray what has brought it all about?"

"O! the merest trifle, absolutely nothing; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, cooks are awkward things to barg: you and I might be managed much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the black cat; "and such a pain in my side."

"But what," said Growler, "what is the immediate cause?"

"Havn't I told you?" said the black cat pettishly. "It is her temper—what I have to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me. Such injustice; it is unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant; but being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked: "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" gently inquired Growler.

"O, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say: "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"O!" said Growler, much enlightened.

"Why, the fact was," said the black cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and I knocked down a dish, and not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and just tasted it, and it was rather nice and—"

"You finished it?" suggested Growler.

"Well, I should, I believe, if that cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the black cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of some grand fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please, but now I've heard both sides of the story, I wonder that she didn't hang you."

### Crooked Habits.

While shaking hands with an old man, the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact he said: "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of holding the reins for so many years."

This is true text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and once acquired, it remains generally through life.

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.

A Chicago paper says: "Kate writes from Bridgeport, Conn., to a Boston weekly journal, saying: 'I married where I did not love, and now I love where I cannot marry. O, what shall I do?' And that stupid Chicago paper doesn't have sense enough to answer the conundrum, as it obviously was intended to be answered, thus: "Come to Chicago and get a divorce."

Mr. Ruskin calls upon workmen to promise these three things: "1. To do their own work well, whether it be for life or death. 2. To help other people do theirs when they can, and seek to avenge no injury. 3. To be sure they can obey good laws before they seek to alter bad ones."

The fact is asserted that a man in Delaware kept a negro girl in slavery up to the week before last, when, she being too sick to be made use of to him, he gave her her freedom and ten cents to take her to Newcastle. She died there in twenty-four hours after her arrival.

# Wit and Humor.

A new minister took a stroll before breakfast on the first Sunday he was in town, and after walking a dozen blocks, was accosted by a shabby-looking individual with, "You needn't look any further; there ain't any saloon open."

"Why, Bill, what's wrong with you; you look down in the mouth?" "Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too. I discarded Sarah Snivels last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'll discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

A debating Society in Clinton county, with headquarters not more than nine miles from Wilmington, were engaged in discussing the question: Which was the greater man, Washington or Columbus? One majestic individual, a school director and a man who sneered at school boys, had the floor, and was enthusiastic on the Washington side of the question. In his most powerful tones he shouted: "Mr. President, Washington, sir, was a *noble* man. Aye, sir, he was an *ignoble* man."

Here is another of the same sort: "Washington," exclaimed a member of a Nashville debating club, in stentorian tones, "Washington was a great man; he was a good man; he was a noble man; his mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *non compos mentis*, Washington was that man!"

Young Blobbs was supposed to be a fine boy who never used profane language. His chums, however, knew better, but his father had faith in Thomas. One day, at a game of ball, young Blobbs was indulging in his weakness of swearing. As the ball was thrown, a playmate, with bat in hand, shouted, "See, Tom, how I will knock her." He made a vigorous strike, but missed the ball, and Tom screamed, "Yes, you played—" (glimpse of Sunday-school teacher on the street near, and Tom closed the sentence with) whaley." The roar that followed convicted Tom of bad intent, and "played whaley" became a phrase oft repeated for his instruction.

Have the clements a right to brew a storm without a license?

Pedestrianism extraordinary—Several plays are now having a long "run."

Company Drill—Instructing the servants before your party.

Questionable Hospitality—Entertaining an idea

The drum-major who ran away from Chickamauga, when reproached with cowardice replied: "I'd rather be called a coward all my life, than a corpse fifteen minutes!"

A Georgia colored debating society was lately discussing "Which is the best for the laboring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?" An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he thought "bote was de best, if dey could be brung togedder somehow."

A Cockney tourist met with a Scotch lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go barefooted?" "Part of 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

Two travelers having been assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel, one of them, before retiring, knelt down to pray and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow traveler, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed: "What is the matter—what's up?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "only I am not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

The other day, while a teacher was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred: "The wages of sin is death." The teacher, wishing to get the word "wages" by deduction, asked, "What does your father get every Saturday night?" The boy answered promptly, "He gets drunk."

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."

It is related that a boarding house keeper in Arkansas was once disturbed by a report that his boarders were mutinous because of the too frequent appearance of hash on the breakfast table. Accordingly he descended to breakfast the next morning, laid one portentous horse pistol on each side of his plate at the head of the table, and said: "Any gentleman who says he don't like hash, lies. Mr. Brown," he continued, turning to the nearest boarder, "will you take hash?"

A little boy who went to church was cautioned to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into my vineyard, and what soever is right I will pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text. He thought over it awhile, and then cried out: "What d' ye stand around here doing nothin for; go into my barnyard and work, I'll make it all right with you."

A good story is told of Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a pet with the whole family. One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who with some other friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself on the topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

Hood, in his *Comic Annual* for 1830, communicated the following from a contributor: "Sir, my wife had a tom cat that dyd. Being a torture shell and a great favorit, we had him berried in the gardian, and for the sake of inclosment of the sile, I had the carkis laid under the roots of a guzberry bush. The fruit being up till taen of the smooth kind. But the next scoop's fruit after the cat was berried, the guzberries was all hairy, and more remarkable, the catipillars of the same bush all of the same hairy discription."

The Springfield *Republican* tells this story: "A certain Hampshire county farmer, a temperance man, by the way who is justly proud of his fine imported stock, recently fancied that one of his best milkers was stricken with cattle disease, and sent in a great fright for the village farrier, a ne'er-do-well sort of a fellow, whom he had often lectured for his tippling propensities. Dick came, examined the animal, looking grave, and asked, 'Have you any whiskey or brandy handy?' 'No,' said the farmer. 'Pat, run to the druggist as soon as possible, and tell him I want a quart of brandy for medical purposes.' When the liquor arrived, Dick took the bottle, uncorked it, smelt of it, and, taking a good drink, put the bottle in his pocket, saying, 'Your cow will be all right presently; I have pulled a thorn out of her foot,' and walked off."

How it Sounded in the Garret.—"As true as the first of John," writes an Ohio correspondent, is the following:

Eliel Calkins lives in the rustic village of ——. 'Liel is no singist, for 'Liel's musical efforts were discouraged in their first timid ventures. Besides 'Liel had to commence farther back than most folks. His first essay resulted in breaking up a Sunday School "in a row;" and this resulted in the "old man" pre-emptorily ordering the abashed 'Liel to attend singing school. 'Liel went, but on the first night discretely kept silent, wholly absorbed in observing how others surmounted the difficulties which environ "Days of Absence," and in endeavoring to note, for future use, "the lick it was done with." On the following Sabbath 'Liel took his "Missouri Harmony," and repaired to the attic to practice. He had about arrived at the conclusion that he was worrying no little melody out of that "hymn," when he heard a stealthy step on the stairs. Looking nervously around he beheld the falling eyes of the "old man" looking "hickory whites" at him. He likewise heard a voice, to him less musical than his own dismal croaking.

"'Liel!" exclaimed the "old man," in a tone of expostulation, with an undertone of castigation—"'Liel, I've tried to bring you up a decent and moral boy; and now, when you ought to be dressing for meeting, here you are sawing clapboards on Sunday!"

The balance of the interview was of a strictly private and domestic character, not to be profaned by publication. But to this day 'Liel is no good singist.—*Editor's Drawer* in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

## What I Know of Housekeeping.

BY O. HOWE GREEN.

The Hon. Horace Greeley, at an early age entered a printing office, and after years of herculean labor in the editorial field, has given us the result of his experience in a work which he calls, "What I know of Farming;" whereupon the "Fat Contributor," and Mark Twain—"these twain became one in flesh"—give humorous descriptions of what they don't know and nobody else ever heard about farming. As this field of agriculture has been pretty closely cropped, and needs rest, we will, in our humble manner, in the *interim*, tell your gentle readers, especially of the "gentler" sex, "What I know of Housekeeping;" and if we should say aught herein of which Susan B. and Elizabeth C., or any other member of the bouquet of sour roses, don't approve, why, we will repent with dish-cloth and ashes.

But to "return to housekeeping." It happened thusly:

Josephine—that's Mrs. O. Howe Green—which latter is myself—went to visit some of our cousins german, descendants from the high low Dutch Knickerbockers, and left me alone in my—misery, my home a h—wilderness—I was going to say howling, but then she took the baby with her.

"She ought to have left it," did you say? Horrid creature! That baby wasn't weaned!

At first I got along swimmingly; there were plenty of clean dishes, and lots "cooked up." When the dishes were soiled, I laid them aside and took clean ones—lots of 'em, you know; but a day of reckoning came—reckoning up the dirty dishes—and I reckon I reckoned some—some dishes when I came to count them. No use; there were the great "unwashed," and at it I went.

"D d you scald your fingers?" you ask. Certainly, by all means, and I found it a "pretty hard scald" before I got those dishes all washed, and that's the part of the job that made me indignant. But I got the job done at last; and after that I took them by "small accumulations."

But the cooking. Ah! that was the rock on which I split. I had no trouble about "raising bread"—I raised mine at the baker's at a dime a loaf. But I tired of baker's bread, and "longed for the flesh pots of Egypt."

Ah! I have it. Pancakes. Eureka! Pancakes! I made some. Forgetting the salt did make them taste queerly; but the worst trouble was, there was no "Sally come up," or any other "come up" to them, except the one I undertook to swallow. Again my lucky star whispered—"Yeast!" That's it. I'll have some cakes "as is cakes" for supper. On my way home to tea—no, it was cold water—at noon I bought a package of Prof. Hoister's Eureka Yeast Cakes, and put from "one half to three"—come to think I believe it was three and one-half cakes I put in.

When I reached home at night, they had "hoisted." I didn't forget salt this time, and I succeeded in making something that would go down as well as come up. Talk about "making a rise"—those pancakes did it. They made me "rise," too, about ten times that night, and if I could have got hold of Prof. Hoister, about one o'clock that night, I thind I could have "raised" him—yeast cakes and all.

Pancakes! Ugh! Take 'em away. I forgot what I had for breakfast. Guess I forgot breakfast altogether. Dined on mush and molasses; for dessert, molasses and mush. Serious thoughts about what I should have for supper. Shortcakes! *Shortcakes!* Eureka No. 2. Why didn't I think of that before? Concluded to steer clear of yeast and use saleratus. Had a good time mixing the hanged stuff. Tried an iron spoon, and other things "too numerous to mention." Finally, "got my hand in"—after washing my hands and trimming my finger nails—and "got the hang of it," and after I got the mass to "hang," I dowsed in the "ingreencies."

That shortcake was *mixed* in two senses. You've probably seen a baker mix bread, but you never saw a "loafer" mix shortcake. Well, that shortcake wasn't exactly a success, and it wasn't a failure; in still another sense, it was mixed. I persevered, and as a shortcakist (ask Mr. Sumner what that is) I became a success, and I could exclaim with Daniel Webster, "I still live."

How I succeeded in other matters is like my first shortcake—its *mixed*. Perhaps the young lady who "swept back the tresses of her golden hair" could beat me as a sweepist, but I think I could match that other young lady who "swept along the spacious hall."—I could beat her sweeping a door step—I never swept the hall. And that reminds me of what Mrs. Greene said when she returned—for see did return. She came just after I had "gone over" those infernal dishes again, and scalded my fingers for the ninety-ninth time. (Why didn't she come before I washed them.) [Put that question in parentheses, "to be read in a lower tone of voice."]

After "saluting the bride" and kissing the baby, ("Josephine, my dear," I asked "how does it look here?"

"Looks like a pig sty."

My feeling went down faster than the famous August gold market.

"Dust all over everything—and just see that cob-web over the window, and right on the side street, too."

It was a big thing, so I couldn't help saying, I see it."

"What did you wash these dishes in?—the ditch?"

"The dish basin," I murmured. "The water was so blamed hot, I cooled it off." And I held up my blistered fingers.

"Well, don't blame the water, dear, please, let me put a rag on your fingers," she said, in her most saccharine tones; "I oughtn't to expect men should know how to keep house!"

And, do you believe it?—she went right to work and washed all those dishes over again, and took the "clouds" all off them. And did it so quick, too, singing "Home Again" all the time, and never scalded her delicate fingers!

Since then I have had a profound respect for the female sex—especially housekeepers.

I never have done much for the "elevation of woman," but I assisted a young lady to go up in a balloon once, and the other day I raised a lady up from a slippery Chicago side-walk upon which she had fallen, in a vain attempt to pedestrianize through that "exaggerated village," where are seen so many of the "ups and downs" of street life. But if this little sketch should be the means of causing any man who thinks "housework is nothin'" to "try his hand" in hot dish-water, or otherwise "put his foot in it," and open his eyes, then I shall be thankful for having written.—"What I Know of Housekeeping."—*Western Rural.*

### Impanelling Juries.

Questions alternately by the court, the State's attorney and the defence, as usually answered by an "intelligent juror:"—

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir."

"If you were on a jury, then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?"

"Yes, sir—yes, I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Your mind, then, is made up?"

"Oh, no—no, it ain't."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"You are prejudiced?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"Think I have."

"Would you decide, if on a jury, according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"Mere rumor."

"Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to rumor or evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it were in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment, or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The Court—"Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a free-holder?"

"Yes, sir, oh, yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither—I'm a boarder."

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The Court—"Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject,"—*Louisville Journal.*

### Josh Billings on the Goos.

The goos is a grass animal, but don't chaw her cud.

They are good livers, about one acre to the goos is enuff, altho there is some folks who thinks one goos to 175 acres is nearer right.

These two calculations is so far apart it is difficult to tell now which will finally win. But i don't think if i had a farm of 175 acres awl paid for, that i would sell it for half what it was worth just because it didn't have but one goos on it.

Gooses stay well, some of our best biographers says 70 years, and grow tough to the very last.

Tha la one egg at once, about the size of a goos egg, in which the goslins lie hidd.

The goslin is the goose's baby.

The goos don't suckle his young, but turns him out to grass on somebody's vakant lot.

That seems to lack wisdom, but are generally considered sound on the goos.

Tha are gord eatin but not good chaw in; the reasons ov this remains a profound sekret to the present da.

When the femail goos is at work hatchin, she is hard to please, she ries clear up from the bottom in a munnit, and she will fite a yoke of oxen if tha show her the least bit of sas.

The goos is excelent for feathers, which are shed every year by the handful.

Tha are also amfibicus, besides several other kinds of cuss.

But tha are mostly curious about one thing. Tha kan hawl up one leg into their body, and stand on tuther awl da, and not touch anything with their hands.

I take notis thar ain't but few men ks do this.

### One-Half Guilty.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba, California, for entering a miner's tent and stealing a bag of gold dust valued at $84. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and ran off. The principal witness testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I rushed after him at once," continued the witness, "but when I catched him I didn't find Bill's bag, but found it afterward where he had thrown it."

"How far did he get in when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel.

"Well, he was stoopin' over half way in, I should say," replied the witness.

"May it please your Honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half way, and stretched out his arms, and committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your Honor, can a man enter a house when only one half of his body is in and the other hall out?"

"I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law, and the fact is proved," replied the Judge.

The jury brought in a verdict to 'Guilty as to one-half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half."

The Judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off, or take it along with it.

How wonderful are the laws governing human existence! Were it not for tight lacing all civilized nations would be overrun with woman.

C. E. Whiting, who resides in Monona county, Iowa, grew, in seven years from the seed, maple large enough to make three ten feet rails each, with four thousand trees to the acre.


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—o—

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# Farm and House.

### IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreak the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never paid a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

### Decomposing Bones with Ashes.

A correspondent in Indiana, living in a wooded locality, desires information how to utilize bones at the least cost, and render them soonest available as manure. The process is a very simple one. In many parts of the State of Indiana, wood is chiefly used for fuel, and the value of the ashes for fertilizing purposes is very well understood. The lye stand takes considerable quantities, and after they do duty there, they go to the kitchen garden or the orchard, or some particular place where they are thought to be most needed. But there is a considerable surplus over the demands of the lye leach, and this surplus may be employed with perfect success in reducing bones to the condition of food for plants.

Bones should be saved, and if the prudent housewives throughout the country properly understood their value as a fertilizer, and how easily it is to reduce them to the proper condition, they would not permit them to be thrown away and lost. The kitchen garden may be rendered much more productive by their use. They are worth twice as much for ashes as manure when reduced, and ashes will reduce them.

The method of doing this is to put ashes and bones into barrels or boxes under a shed, or ash-house, or cellar, in about equal quantities, and then keep them constantly moist with soapsuds; if hot, so much the better. The water should not be applied in such quantities as to leach the ashes, as that would carry off much of the alkaline matter necessary to reduce the bones. Thus in a few months the bones will be entirely disintegrated, and the entire mass may then be taken out and thoroughly mixed, ready for spreading and incorporating into the soil, and making a most excellent fertilizer for the kitchen garden, orchard, or field.

### Cheyne Barley—A New Variety.

A correspondent of *Bell's Messenger*, London, has sent to that journal the following description of a new variety of barley, called Cheyne barley. This new variety of barley promises to take the lead of Chevalier and other kinds in cultivation. It has been known only a few years in the district of the original grower, where it has fairly established its character, not only as a heavy cropper, yielding 70 and 80 bushels an acre on good land. Its high price prevented numbers from trying it last year, as well as the uncertainty about it sustaining its character in England. Those who bought, however, have not been disappointed; for if reports may be credited, the acreage returns run higher than we have named. One grower affirms that he has had as many quarters as he usually had loads with the other kinds of barley, and another pronounces it the "king" of barley. No doubt a change of seed, from the distance of 400 or 500 miles (as is the case with the Cheyne,) is of itself calculated to yield a larger return and a heavier bushel of a better quality, than simply a change of seed from a different soil in the same neighborhood. The latter practice is quite common, and satisfies the great majority of farmers. It may be questioned, however, whether the value of a judicious change of seed is appreciated among farmers as it ought to be. But it is not the mere change of soil, or climate, or both, that is all important. The sowing of a good stock is even of more moment, and when fixity of type and persistence exist, the minutest characteristics of the grain are transmitted to its progeny. Preparations of the seed such as the process gone through by those who exhibit as professional prize-takers, is all very well, but it cannot make mixed kinds genuine, nor renovate worn out and degenerate seed. An egg and a grain of corn have been aptly compared—both contain a germ of life, which requires for development certain conditions of heat, air and moisture. Now, as a pure breed of fowls cannot be got from a promiscuous basket of eggs, neither can a genuine crop be taken from the bin of an ordinary farmer.

### Remarks on Sowing Flower Seeds

Most varieties of seeds may be sown in the open border as soon as the ground is in good order—say from the first of April to the first of June. The soil should be well pulverized before sowing. Most varieties are much benefitted by transplanting. These should be sown in cold frames or nursery beds, where special care can be given them, and when about three to five inches high, transplanted to their blooming quarters. By these means the garden may be filled with early blooming bulbs, such as tulips, crocus, hyacinths, &c. By the time these are through their flowering season, the annuals will be ready to transplant to their places, making the flower garden attractive the entire season.

Other annuals, such as poppies, larkspurs, nigonettes, eschscholtzia, cynoglossum, &c., should be sown in the place where they are intended to bloom.

The fine seeds, such as portuneca, petunia, lobelia, etc., should always be sown on the surface of the soil and merely pressed in, and then watered with a fine rose. Care should, however, be taken not to let the soil get dry or the seeds germinating will be dried up and perish, before the roots have acquired sufficient strength to penetrate the soil to where it is moist. This rule may be applied to all seeds. The larger seeds should be covered from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch.

Many of the annuals, such as mignonettes, petunia, lobelia, browallia, stocks, petunias, &c., if sown in summer or fall, are very attractive for winter decoration in greenhouses and conservatories. For this purpose, seed may be sown in pots. A mixture of loam, leaf-mold and sand is most desirable, although a cold frame, in a shady place, is preferable. When the seeds are up, air and light should be more freely admitted, until they are hard, to stand the sun. When large enough transplant into small pots, and into larger pots when necessary. Place them near the glass and admit air freely when the weather allows.—*Michel Bros. & Korn.*

### Agriculture in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania is regarded by most people, both abroad and at home, as completely devoted to mining and manufactures. Yet here agriculture still remains conspicuous and important. According to the census of 1870 we head the list in the product of oats, yielding 68,000,000 bushels, while New York gives 31,000,000; Illinois 35,000,000; Ohio 27,000,000 and Wisconsin 22,000,000. Of the 17,000,000 bushels of buckwheat raised in the republic, New York and Pennsylvania produce 12,000,000 and nearly half of all the butter is made in New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. In potatoes we stand second, New York producing 28,500,000 bushels and Pennsylvania 15,400,000; Ohio 6,600,000, and Illinois 7,500,000.

In the value of domestic animals Pennsylvania ranks fourth, the figures running thus: New York $103,000,000; Georgia $100,000,000; Ohio $90,000,000; Pennsylvania $79,000,000. We have lost our rank as a wheat-growing State notwithstanding that our production has increased. This is owing to the great crops at the west, but the average yield in that section is steadily decreasing, and Ohio, once the leading wheat State, now yields but 20,000,000 bushels against our 18,000,000. The others decline steadily in proportion to the age and the duration of their wheat culture. In Illinois the average yield per acre has fallen to only eleven bushels. Hence, though she now has the lead in the aggregate production she is not likely to keep it.—*Practical Farmer.*

### The Connection between Plants and the Soil upon Which they Grow.

That there is a peculiar connection between certain plants and certain soils no observing farmer will deny—yet but few seem to realize the certainty of this connection. In a state of nature we almost invariably find certain classes of soils occupied with certain orders of plants and trees, which seem natural to these peculiar soils.

On the salt plains of Russia and Hungary various salt loving plants are found, and without changing the natural condition of the soil, it is almost impossible to plant other crops. In some parts of these plains these plants are dried and buried for the soda which their ashes contains. When this operation is repeated for several years, the salt is gradually extracted from the soils, and the daisy and kindred plants come in naturally. The saline constituents of the soil may also be exhausted by draining. In this case their influence extends outside of themselves and continues for a long time. A pound of phosphate of lime found in ashes is worth more than a pound of bone dust, as it is in a condition to be readily taken up by plants. The carbonate of lime, we are inclined to think, is worth more than chalk or the same agent in other forms, inasmuch as it has once passed through plant structures.

The estimates here presented are only rough ones, but they are sufficiently exact to serve as a guide to learning the value of leached and unleached wood ashes. We have experimented considerably with ashes in both forms, upon soils of various kinds, and what we have here stated is the result of practical experience—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

### Potato Flour.

Few persons in the United States are aware of the demand for farina, or potato flour, and of the almost unlimited extent of the market that can be found for this product, which is simply the dry, evaporated pulp of the ordinary potato, the whiter and more free from black specks the better. It is used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes and with the aid of precipitation and acid is converted into starch. In Europe it meets a large and increasing demand, in its primitive state, as potato flour; and in Lancashire alone 20,000 tons are annually sold, and as many more would be taken if put into the market. When calcined it is used largely for silk-dressing and other purposes.

At this time the quotations for potato farina in Liverpool is a little over four cents a pound, while wheat flour is about 2 1-6 cents a pound; so that potato flour is worth nearly double that of the wheat at the present rate. Consignments to Liverpool are solicited by the brokers there, who promise to take all that can be furnished.—*Agricultural Report.*

FENCE POSTS.—The following experience on the mooted question whether fence posts will last longer when set in the same position in which they grow, or *vice versa*, is given by a writer: Some 23 years since I set a fence, inclosing house and door yard—a rail and banister fence. The posts were sawed from good sized red chestnut logs. To saw them tapering, one half of them must be sawed to set in the ground top down, and the other bottom down. The posts were set promiscuously, and to this day there has been no distinguishable difference in their lasting quality, unless it be where some of them had more sap than others, and these gave out first, without regard to to which end was set down.

GRAFTING WAX.—There are as many different kinds of grafting wax as there are nurserymen. One of the oldest and most popular recipes is the following: One pound of tallow, three do. beeswax, four do. resin. Put into a kettle and melt slowly until all the ingredients are combined. It to be used in the open air in cool weather, add a quarter to one half pound more tallow. Some persons leave out the beeswax altogether, but we prefer to have it in, and always use it.

TO PREVENT WORMS ON CORN.—Alfred Curtis, McKean, Pa., writes to the American Institute Farmers' Club as follows: "In a late report I saw an article on corn destruction by worms. My way is this: I put from five to eight kernels in the hill, make a heavy spot with the hoe, then put one part hen dropplings, one of plaster, made fine; then I put about a gill on a hill; the first rain comes, soaks it down among the corn, and I think the worms don't like such food. In forty years I have never failed in corn, while I have seen fields around me destroyed by worms."

### Domestic Economy.

A GOOD RECIPE FOR FRIED CAKES.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, five eggs, one half nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda; flour enough to roll without sticking.

TO REVIVE FADED BLACK CLOTHS.—Boil three ounces of logwood in a quart of vinegar, and when the color is extracted, drop in a piece of carbonate of iron, the size of a large chestnut; let it boil five minutes. Have the articles to be restored well sponged with soap and hot water, laying them on the table, and brush the nap down with a sponge. Then take the dye upon the table and sponge them all over with it, taking care to keep them smooth, and brush downward.

CAUSE OF PEACH ROT.—On this subject Dr. Spalding, St. Louis, Mo., says he would lay it down as an axiom that peach rot is caused by breaking the skin of the fruit at or near maturity. Previous to that, if it is done when the fruit is small and unripe, it does not rot, but if the skin is broken near the maturity of the fruit, the rot is sure to follow. The only difference between its being done by the prick of a pin or the puncture of the curculio, was the difference there was in the puncture itself. He thought that root pruning would be no possible remedy.

When completely wet with the dye, dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a tea cup of warm water, and sponge over again with this, which sets the color so completely that nothing rubs off. They must not be wrung or wrinkled, but carefully hung up to drain. The brownest cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner. So many people have faded garments that this recipe may be of service in restoring them to a lively color.

DYER'S RECIPES—BLUE PURPLE, FAST COLOR.—100 pounds of wool are first dipped in the blue vat to a light shade, then boiled in a solution of 15 pounds of alum, and 3 pounds of half refined tartar for one hour and a half; the wool taken out, cooled, and let stand twenty-four hours. Then boil in fresh water 8 pounds of powdered cochineal for a few minutes; cool the kettle to 170 deg. Fah.; handle the prepared wool in this for one hour, in which time let it boil for three-quarters of an hour, when it is ready to cool, rinse and dry. By coloring first with cochineal, as aforesaid, and finishing in the blue vat, the fast purple of dahlia, so much admired in German broadcloths, will be produced. Tin acids must not be used in this color.

THE OLD FASHIONED LOGWOOD BLUE.—To 100 pounds of cotton or wool dissolve 15 pounds of alum, 2 pounds of half-refined tartar, and 3 pounds of blue vitrol; enter the fabric, and let it boil for one hour; take it out, cool as usual. Then boil in fresh water for twenty minutes 10 pounds of good logwood in a bag or otherwise, cool the dye to 170 deg. Fah., and enter the fabric. Handle it well for half an hour, during which time raise the heat nearly to boiling, then take it out and cool; cool the dye to 136 Fah.; add 5 pounds of pearl-ash, or 4 pails of urine. Enter the goods again, and handle for half an hour, when they will be a fine blue. Soda ought never to be used, as it makes a dull color. Rinse and dry. This color is suitable for blue-mixed hosiery.

GALL SOAP.—Gall soap for the washing of fine silken cloths and ribbons, is prepared in the following manner: In a vessel of copper one pound of cocoanut oil is heated to 60 deg. Fahr., whereupon half a pound of caustic soda is added, with constant stirring. In another vessel, half a pound of white Venetian turpentine is heated, after which the fire is increased until the contents are perfectly clear, whereupon one pound of ox gall is added. After this, enough good, perfectly dry castile soap is stirred into the mixture to cause the whole to yield but little under the pressure of the finger; for which purpose from one to two pounds of soap are required for the above quantity. After cooling the soap is cut into pieces. It is excellent, and will not injure the finest colors.

FORCE-MEAT BALLS.—Chop 1 pound of lean veal, very fine, season it with pepper, salt and sweet marjoram—add a little flour to make them stick together—roll into balls the size of a hickory nut, and fry them brown.

BEEF A LA MODE.—To a piece of beef 10 lbs. take 6 blades of mace, 12 cloves, half nutmeg—pound them fine, then rub the spice well into the beef; after the beef has been rubbed with salt and saltpetre, for 12 hours, roast it.

A ROAST PIG.—Clean it again after coming from the market. Cut out the eyes with a penknife, clean the ears, take out the tongue, singe off hairs, &c. Make a filling of bread, butter, sweet marjoram, or parsley, adding sage and pepper. Stuff the pig and sew it up. Roast 2½ hours, watching to prevent burning; if in danger of this, put paper between it and the fire. Baste frequently with salt water.

*Gravy.*—Boil the tongue, liver and feet with salt and pepper till they are tender, in water enough to cover them when they are done.

Just before dishing up, take out the liver, chop or mash it up, work some flour into a small piece of butter, stir all in—put over fire again, and come to a boil; take it off, and pour into a gravy tureen. For sauce—stewed or baked apples, boiled onions, &c.

DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING.—Very convenient, as it may be made several hours before it is baked, or when a nice addition is wanted unexpectedly. Pare and chop fine half a dozen or more, according to their size, of the best cooking apples; grease a pudding dish, cover the bottom and sides half an inch thick with grated bread, and very small lumps of butter; then put a layer of apples with sugar and nutmeg, and repeat the layer, which must be of bread and butter; pour over the whole a teacup of cold water.—Put into the oven as soon as the dinner is served, and bake 25 or 30 minutes. It may be baked the day before it is wanted; when it must be heated thoroughly, turned into a shallow dish and sprinkled with powdered sugar; it requires no sauce.

CARRAGEEN OR IRISH MOSS BLANC MANGE.—Wash in three waters half an ounce of Carrageen moss; drain and put in two quarts of new milk, let it boil for a few minutes, strain it in a pitcher, wet the moulds, and pour it in while hot; let it stand till it becomes thick, when it may be eaten with sugar and cream seasoned with peach or rose water, or with lemon rolled in the sugar. Some prefer seasoning the blancmange before putting it in the moulds. It will keep in a cool place two days, and is better when made the day before it is eaten.

### SIGNATURE EXPERTS.

#### Interesting Facts for Business Men.

S. S. Packard, noted as a skillful penman, writes to the New York *Mail* concerning "signature experts," the occasion being the late "Taylor will case," which turned in a great measure on the genuineness of the testator's signature.

More than twenty years ago, in Cincinnati, I copied the Declaration of Independence, appending *fac similes* of the signers' names. Mr. Thomas Stevens at the same time editor of the Cincinnati *Atlas*, took occasion, in a pleasant way to doubt my assertion that I had copied the signatures with a pen. To convince him I asked him to sign his name on a sheet of paper, which he did. I immediately wrote ten copies of his signature above and below the original, and handed him the paper to select his own. After a careful examination he selected one as his own. He was wrong. He tried again and again, with the same result, and finally, by mere guess work, he hit the right one. And it was a remarkable fact that after he had really discovered his own, he could see the most astonishing absurdities in all the others.

Some six years ago I was speaking with a well known publisher of this city, who sat at his desk signing some checks that the bookkeeper had prepared for him. The signature was of the firm, and was a peculiar one, as he wrote it. I casually remarked that it was an elegant signature for a forger. He promptly responded that there was no forger that could sign that name so as to deceive him.

"Oh, yes, there is," said I.

"Where is he?"

"He is standing at your elbow."

"Do you mean to say," said he, "that you can imitate that signature so that I cannot detect the forgery?"

"I mean to say," said I, "that I think I can do it, and am willing to try it."

"If you will write that signature," he replied, "so that I cannot distinguish it from my own, I will"——

"There, there, don't be rash; I should dislike to take advantage of your present excitement. If you will just write the signature at the top of that letter sheet, we'll see what a little impudence can do."

He did as requested. I took the sheet and went to the bookkeeper's desk. Here I exchanged it for another of the same kind, and in the same relative position I imitated the signature in a very free, careless way, not attempting a servile copy, but preserving the characteristic strokes. I then very carefully wrote underneath it three faithful signatures, all my own. These I took to the proprietor and told him to select his own signature. With surprisingly little effort he pointed out the first signature, and at once began to criticise with severity my base imitations.

"Well," said I, "I will confess they are not as well done as I expected to do them, or as I could do them if my nerves were steady. But, really," said I, "don't you think that if one of these signatures were placed at the bottom of your ordinary check your bank would honor the check?"

"Well, no," said he, "I don't think it would."

"I suppose," said I, "there is no doubt about the top signature—that would bring the cash?"

"Oh, yes, I should like to see our bank refuse that signature for an ordinary sum."

I then went to the bookkeeper's desk and produced the original signature.

"How about this?" said I.

He looked at the signature—then at my "base imitations"—then at the crowd of interested spectators who had quietly gathered around, and who were beginning to take in the richness of the joke, and finally he bursted out in an expression which was a mixture of astonishment, chagrin, merriment, vexation and perplexity, and holding out his hand with unconditional surrender written all over his face, exclaimed: "Sold!"

That was the only word in the American language that could adequately express the situation.

But the sell was a very easy one and required no skill at all. The fact is that when the original signature was compared with the forgeries the discrepancies were so palpable that "a wayfaring man, though a fool," need not be taken in; and yet, if my friend had not been a deacon, which he was—and is—and if I had been as most forgers, I could have won a very nice sum, had I offered to stake it on the issue.

Finally, to convince the deacon that he was not the only fool in the firm, I called up one of the other partners, and showing him the three false signatures, assed him to decide which was the genuine. With a great show of ready discernment, he selected the top one, and began at once to point out the weak points in the others simply by comparing them with what he considered the genuine. "Yes," said he, "they are pretty fair imitations, but don't you see the length of this g and the turn of this n? Now look at the original, and see where this capital J swoops round. There is an attempt at it in the imitation, but it is a very weak one."

"Then you couldn't be imposed upon by one of these lower signatures?" said I.

"No, not I. They bear forgery upon their very face."

"Well, how about the first one? No mistake about that? You would readily cash a check with that signature?"

"Oh yes, that is all right. Anbody who ever saw the deacon's sign manual could tell it at a glance."

So the deacon divided on his chagrin with the junior partner and felt he to—o wo se, I've forgotten which.

The fact is, no man is sure in swearing to his signature—not even Horace Greeley to his own—for no man writes a signature twice alike, and although he may preserve the characteristics. And I would give very little for the testimony of "experts," unless backed by pretty strong collateral evidence. It would not be difficult, ordinarily, to identify a body of writing, such as a page, or even a dozen lines, but to decide as to the genuineness of a single word or signature is more than I should like to do if either life or happiness depended upon it.

### GOSSIP.

When lovers in the starlight walk,
How do they entertain, yet talk
Not even of the weather?
How make the time so swift elapse
Yet open not their lips? Perhaps
By pressing them together.

The word d-e-b-t is composed of the initials of "dun everybody twice." Credit is formed of the initial letters of "call regularly every day—I'll trust."

A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," said a bystander, "it looks like twenty-four carrots."

We enter our protest against the very general use of "slang" phrases among young ladies who ought to know better. Nothing is more shocking to a refined ear than the language of the street loafer from the lips of a lady.

As an instance of American enterprise, it may be mentioned that the English University oarsmen didn't know the result of their own race until noon on Saturday, while we had it by telegraph at 10 o'clock, two hours earlier.

Hindoo Maxim—Narrow minded men, who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own outlook, remind one of the Hindoo maxim: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

A bill for the prevention of accidents at acrobatic exhibitions has passed the New York State Senate. It is intended to make mid-air performances much safer exhibitions for the trapezists, but much unsafer for the managers.

Colonel Henry R. Forbes, an ex-army officer, went to Cheyenne to lecture on the evils of intemperance, but the inhabitants, regarding the subject as a personal affront, rushed into the hall, extinguished the lights, and drove the Colonel out of town.

A journalist with a statistical turn has found out that the London newspapers have contained in the last three years not less than 178 obituaries of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, any of whom, he says, is good enough for a man really dead.

The Baltimore *American* states, on the authority of an intimate friend of Andrew Johnson, that the ex-President has gone back on the Democratic party, and declares himself a subscriber to the Republican policy and wants to be taken into the party in full standing.

The late Deacon Andrew Leach, of Searsport, Me., was the champion attendant at church, having been in his pew 2,350 out of 2,600 consecutive Sundays. Absence from town was his good excuse for missing on the two Sabbaths that his seat was vacant in fifty years.

A physician in Vermont was recently thrown from his carriage, breaking one of his legs. A lady hearing of the accident, remarked: "I am glad of it! Every doctor ought to meet with such an accident once in a while, so that he can hear an occasional groan from a patient without laughing at it!"

There is a curious dilemma in one of the courts of Georgia. The son of a murderer is the Solicitor General of the district in which the murder was committed, and he insists upon conducting the prosecution. He and the Attorney General of the State were discussing the question a few days ago, when he became enraged and hostile, and was at length arrested and imprisoned.

A New York letter says the fashionable world has begun to turn its attention to the selection of summer retreats in the country.

It is prophesied that there will be a terrible dearth of guests at the various watering places, as a large number will go abroad, and others manifest a preference for quiet boarding places this summer, much to the delight of the small farmers throughout this and adjoining States.

The agent of the Bank of Montreal in Perth, Ontario, has absconded, being a defaulter to the extent of $18,000. He was very respectably connected, and the affair causes great excitement.

The Baptist Union of Cleveland have adopted a resolution "disowning all approval of, and therefore all complicity with, the acceptance of State aid by the Ladies' Baptist Home of New York.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Miss Millie J. Freeland, a young schoolteacher at Oleopolis, Penn., while crossing a small stream with some of her scholars in returning from school on Tuesday afternoon, slipped and fell from the log suspended over it, striking upon a stone in the bottom of the stream, and being made insensible. The little children gave the alarm, but she strangled in the water, which was only four inches deep, before assistance came to hand.

The neighborhood of Norfolk, Va., is celebrated for its strawberry culture. One gentleman, a Mr. Anderson, has now over fifty acres under cultivation, and is setting out as much more, and besides this he has a large patch farther in the country. He will give employment this year to from six to eight hundred strawberry pickers, and is perhaps the largest operator about Norfolk, although there are said to be nearly a hundred others operating on nearly as large a scale.

The search for natural gas in Buffalo has been attended with partial success. A small vein was struck last week and found to burn with a clear, steady and bright light. The drill had penetrated to a depth of three hundred and forty feet, and was in hard slate rock. The searchers are prepared to sink the well fourteen thousand feet, if they do not find a more liberal supply of gas before reaching that depth, but it is confidently anticipated that three hundred feet more will do the business.

The Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal* says that a lady of culture and spotless character, who arrived in that city a few days ago, then learned that her husband, who had been corresponding with her for several months, had not only procured a divorce from her, on the ground of abandonment, but had married her former housekeeper. Not being a subscriber to a small, obscure paper published in Grant county, wherein she was notified "of the pending suit, she had remained in entire ignorance of his rascality."

A French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks. In three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of mucous membrane of the mouth.

At New Orleans last week one Gabriel Lawson was tried on a charge of feloniously breaking into a house. The evidence disclosed the fact that the accused and the young lady of the house were in love with each other, and that the mater familias was opposed to the suit. He was in the habit of going to her at night and climbing in at the parlor window. The mother detected him in the act of getting into the house, and had him indicted for felonious entering. As may be imagined, the trial was a very interesting one. Although the appearances were decidedly against the defendant, he succeeded in getting clear.

The following brief note was addressed by Rev. Mr. Spurgeon to a clerical friend, who was about leaving England with a view of spending the remainder of his life in America: "*My Dear Friend*:—Tell the brethren to be thankful for every drop of grace they have; for a thankful heart is the cup which God delights to fill. Bid them enlarge their desires and expectations when dealing with the boundless Lord, and exhort them to let their transactions with God be real and not fictitious. An unreal faith, a visionary thought of God, a religion of fancies—all these are dead. But that which we have seen, tasted, handled—that is the life and soul of Godliness."

The tunnel under the Detroit river, from Detroit to Windsor, it is given out, will be commenced during the coming summer. The plan is to construct three tunnels, two of which are to be about sixteen feet in height, running parallel to one another across, and uniting at one entrance and exit at each end. A third will be made of smaller dimensions, say five feet in diameter, to act as a main drain, and to be situated underneath and between the other two. The work will be commenced on the lot named tunnel first, so that drainage of the work may be effected as fast as they are carried on. Present appearances justify the surmise that this valuable engineering work will be completed in about two years.

A son of the late President Tyler, only twenty-one years old, is an Ensign in the Twelfth Army Corps of Silesia, and served throughout the Franco-Prussian war. He had been for five years a mining student at Freiberg, but when the class of arms came he laid aside his books and sought admission to the service. By an especial favor of the Minister of War, this foreigner was permitted to enter the ranks of the King of Saxony. Being a fine-looking, gallant young man, he made an excellent soldier, and his record as son of an American President, was enough to cause every officer and private to seek his companionship. During the latter part of the war young Tyler is said to have carried his cavalry lance into several hot engagements.

One of the ladies who served on the second Grand Jury in Wyoming has written a letter giving her experience and views, in which she says: "So far as my experience goes, woman has proven that she is just as capable and more zealous in the performance of her duties than men. It is true that her sympathies would not permit the innocent to suffer, nor yet would her sense of justice allow crime and evil doers to go unpunished. The foreman of our Grand Jury, although a Democrat, and consequently an 'old fogy,' was honest enough to admit that ladies on the jury are a great improvement upon the old regime. The old cry of 'homes being revolutionized, and domestic peace being destroyed' by the participation of women in the elective franchise and its attendant responsibilities, has been found, so far as tried, utterly without foundation, as can be substantiated by husbands and fathers of families in this Territory, who will bear evidence that they are as well cared for, and home duties were performed more regularly than if they (the wives) had been off rolling, gossiping, or plowing."


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# To Correspondents.

E. R. BURGESS, Mchoopany, Pa., asks:—"How many dollars, in U. S. money would it take to make a French Milliard?"—A French Milliard is a thousand millions. A Milliard francs, if the term is used with reference to francs, amounts to about $200,000,000.

A SUBSCRIBER, Edinburg, Illinois, writes:—

1. "Will you please inform me through your Correspondents Column, whether Dr. Livingstone is still living, if so, where is he?"

2. "What was the cause of the French and Prussian war? I am ashamed to confess my ignorance, but I have never been able to find out yet, to my satisfaction, what they have been fighting about."

"Who is "Brete Harte? Is he a new literary star?"

1. Dr. Livingstone, it is supposed is still alive. He is engaged in explorations in unexplored Africa, but in what locality is not known, as he has not been heard from for many months. It was reported that he had been murdered by natives, but this, it was afterwards discovered, was not true. Du Chaillu and other African travelers are confident that Dr. Livingstone will overcome all ordinary difficulties and return to the civilized world with a rich contribution of knowledge.

2. In regard to the Franco-Prussian war, a great many people are in the same condition as our correspondent, and perhaps the combatants themselves scarcely knew what they were fighting about. To recite the real causes of the war would fill a volume. "A subscriber," to fully understand the matter, should read the history of the French and German nations for the last century. He will find the present humiliation of France, but balances an old humiliation of Germany by France, and will trace the causes of the last struggle in the jealousies of peoples, constitutionally different, and in the unsatisfactory settlements of previous struggles. Germans, all Germans as well as Prussians, are very sensitive on the question of encroachment upon the Father Land, and when war was declared against Prussia, and Prussia became the champion of German views, all Germany became concerned. The old German territories of Alsace and Lorraine were in the possession of France. The Emperor of France made war and invaded German territory. Such invasion has never failed to arouse the Germans and to inflame. Old wrongs were remembered and much as would our people rally to the flag against England, so rallied the Germans against France.

Napoleon declared war on the pretense that the representative of his government had been mistreated by King William, Thoroughly a Frenchman, however, with a Frenchman's feelings toward Germany, it may be supposed he sought the opportunity. Prussia was more ready than he anticipated to give battle, and it is evident that he was deceived as to the feeling of his own people, as to the strength of Prussia and as to the feeling of other German peoples,

"BRET HARTE" is not exactly a new literary star, as he has been some time before the people. Like "Mark Twain," he is a Californian and his pictures of Western life and his "sabre cuts" in homely speech, at prevailing wrongs first called the attention of the masses to the merit of his writings. He is now engaged in literary work at Boston, but where his present residence is we are not informed.

A SUBSCRIBER, Wahoo, Saunders County Nebraska, writes:—"I enlisted in October 1861, in the 9th Ohio Battery, and was honorably discharged in October 1864; came home and re-enlisted in March, 1865, in company "K." 5th U. S. Vet. Vol., 1st Army Corps, and was discharged in March, 1866. I would like to know whether I am entitled to a medal or not?"—Write to "Wm. A. Knapp, Adjutant General of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio." If he has a medal for you, he will forward it with the greatest willingness. The difficulty has been that the Postoffice address of many men who have medals waiting for them in the Adjutant General's Office, could not be ascertained. Forward your name, company, regiment and P. O. address as above directed.

G. A. S., Sandwich, Ill., wishes to be informed how and by whom Mail agents on Railroads are employed:—All mail agents are appointed by the Post Master General, generally on the recommendation of Post Masters at particular points, or by Congressmen representing the District in which the applicant lives. The place is a responsible one, and great care is taken in selection. If there is a place vacant in your part of the State, present your claims through your Representative in Congress and also through your Post Master.

W. H. S., Latrobo, Pa., writes:—"Is there a city by the name of Newport, (formerly Collinsville) in the county of Solano, State of California? I hold two deeds for certain lots in the above named city. Now, who shall I address, to get full information concerning those lots, deeds given in 1868?"—1. There is such a town, in Solano Co., Cal. 2. Write to the Auditor or Clerk of the County or County Recorder, at Benicia, same county.

A SUBSCRIBER, Battle Creek, Michigan, writes: "I notice that the BLADE is a medium through which your readers make a great many inquiries, I take the liberty of making one or two. Can you inform me (Battle Creek the starting point) which is the shortest route to go to Cumberland Co., East Tennessee. Would you go by the way of Indianapolis or by the way of Toledo, via Springfield, Ohio, to Cincinnati. From thence do you go to Knoxville or Chattanooga? What is the distance from Toledo to Cincinnati?"—

Go, by way of Toledo, to Cincinnati, from Cincinnati to Louisville, from Louisville to Nashville, and from there to Tullahoma, Tennessee. The cheapest route from that point to Cumberland county is not by the way of Chattanooga and Knoxville, but by way of McMinnville. At McMinnville, you will be fifty or sixty miles from your destination, but you will be as far, if you should make the long railroad trip to Knoxville and nearly a hundred miles distant if you go below Tullahoma, to Chattanooga. Inquiries at Tullahoma will bring out information as to the mode of traveling from McMinnville to points east.

The distance from Toledo to Cincinnati is 202 miles.

GEO. W. MCKEE, Centralia, Illinois, writes:—"Will you, in your paper, give a short history of writing pens, and state, also, when writing was first commenced, what instruments were first used for that purpose and how the most ancient records were kept."—Quills are said to have been first used for pens in 553. Iron pens were used in 1685 and steel pens came into use in 1820. The first gross sold for over $30, wholesale. The price now, per gross, for the cheapest pens is not more than double that many cents.

Pictures were undoubtedly, the first essay to ward writing. The most ancient remains of writing are on hard substances, such as stones and metals. Atholes, who lived 2112 years before Christ, it is said, invented hieroglyphics. He wrote a history of the Egyptians. Writing is said to have been taught to the Latins, by Europa, daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia, 1494 B. C. Cadmus brought the Phœnician letters to Greece 1493 B. C. The Commandments were written on two tables of stone 1491 B. C. The Greeks and Romans used waxed table books for writing. Papyrus was used first by the Egyptians and then by other nations up to 190 B. C. Paper is said to have been invented in China 170 B. C. Paper was first manufactured from cotton, about A. D. 1000, and from rags three hundred years later. Paper for writing and printing was first manufactured in England 1690. From this time dates also the manufacture of white paper.

A CORRESPONDENT at Brownhelm writes:—

1. Is a railroad ticket good after its date on roads outside this State?

2d. When I buy two tickets on the cars they entitle me to two seats, I suppose. What, in law, is meant by two seats? Or one seat? Is it what the conductor generally tries to make it mean, or am I entitled to all the room there is in one or two seats as they stand in the car? I understand that when a man or woman buys a ticket he or she is entitled to all the room in a car seat and the conductor cannot, against the person's will, *force* another in. Is this so or not? Last winter my wife and I went from Kalamazoo, Mich., to Chicago, in the evening. My wife was unwell and I asked the conductor to turn a seat for me so that my wife might rest more comfortably. He readily complied, as most conductors would in such case. But suppose he had refused—if such a supposition is possible—could I have compelled him to do it?

3d. This spring my wife went to Indiana, taking with her two trunks. They were checked at Oberlin for Toledo. At T. the office was not open, but a few moments before the departure of the train (12:00 P. M.) and after procuring her ticket and checks, it was found that there was no time to put the trunks on board; but the Agent promised to have them sent on the next train. At Ft Wayne she gave her checks to the baggage master without receiving anything in return. Ought he not to have given her checks to her destination? She went to Wheeler, 45 miles from Chicago. On the next day she called for her trunks and was charged $1.00 for transportation from Fort Wayne. Are Railroad Companies, permitted, by law, to do this? If not, what way of redress is there? One trunk was heavy, perhaps over weight.

4. Why do you not expose swindlers and humbugs as some other papers do?

1. A railroad ticket is good until used. As a ticket is the equivalent of money, this is a general rule.

2. When you purchase a railroad ticket you pay for the half of one of the car seats; that is, you pay for a seat for one, not a seat that will accommodate two. In cars on some roads the seats are divided so as to make single seats. You cannot compel the conductor to give you more than you pay for. You cannot object to the conductor putting another person in a seat with you unless you hold two tickets. In fact, it is ungenerous at times for you to occupy a whole seat. You are not wronging the Railroad Company so much as you are discommoding people who have paid the same as yourself, and who are as much entitled to the privileges of the car.

3. No charge should have been made for the baggage unless it was overweight. Such matters, referred to officers of a Railway Company, generally receive attention. Sometimes subordinates do things that are not authorized.

4. The BLADE has repeatedly exposed swindlers and humbugs, and will continue to do so.

J. W. MYERS, Maysville, Iowa, writes:—"I enlisted in the Army of the United States in Feb 1865 for one year. But at the expiration of six months was discharged on account of sickness. In 1869 I applied in open court for a certificate of citizenship. His honor examined my papers—discharge, &c., as well as my witnesses, and pronounced me all right, and I took the oath. Before the clerk could prepare the certificate, the court changed his mind. He said he could not pass me because I had not served in the U. S. Army for one year. One year afterwards, on my repeated application, the same Judge examined my discharge again, swore me again, and again refused the certificate on the old ground that I had not served long enough in the army. I had been a resident of the United States one year before enlisting, was a native of Canada West, and have now taken the oath of allegience three times.—Am I entitled to my certificate? If so, what course shall I pursue to obtain it?

At the time of my birth, my parents were citizens of the United States, but lived in Canada West. I have been in this country for seven years."—As MR. MYERS did not serve the required time in the army, he is not entitled to naturalization papers on that account. It is to be presumed that in such a case the court acts in good faith and as reasons are given, and references made to the law, the decision should be accepted as final. If our correspondent can show that at the time of his birth his parents were citizens of the United States, he does not require any naturalization papers, but is a citizen. If the facts of the case do not make this clear, secure your final papers in the usual way as soon as the terms of the law can be complied with.

NANNIE, Edina, Knox county, MO., writes:—"1. Please answer through the column to correspondents whether you think it proper for a young man accompanying a lady to church to sit with her. This has been in dispute among several of our young companions, and we submit it to the BLADE. 2. Is it wrong to marry against the will of your parents, if you are dearly loved by a certain young man, and do you think seventeen a suitable age for a young lady (in Missouri) to marry? 3. Please give us the definition of What is love, and is it stronger than death? Please answer these questions and satisfy one of your young readers. The BLADE has visited our house every week for the past year, and will as long, I hope, as there is such a paper, for I think it the best paper printed."—1. If a young man accompany a young lady to church, it is proper that he should sit with her. In some churches it is the rule that the ladies occupy one side of the house and the gentlemen the other. Where this is the custom the young man should conduct the young lady to her seat and then go to the gentlemen's side of the house and find a seat for himself, returning to the lady's seat at the close of the service, to escort her home. 2. It is not positively wrong to marry against the will of parents, but it is always much better to have their consent, and if the right course is pursued this can generally be obtained. A young lady in Missouri should not marry younger than a lady in any other State. A woman should not marry before she is 18 or 20 years of age. 3. Disraeli, in "Venitia" gives the best answer to "What is Love." If "Nannie" is in love, however, she can best answer the question for herself.

R. I. asks:—"What do geologists mean by 'The Drift Period?'"—Geologists do not use the term "drift" to designate a period, but apply the term to formations of earth, rocks, &c., drifted from their original position and subsequently deposited. That is, the stratum formed in this way, is called "drift" and when geologists speak of any thing being in the "drift" they mean that the specimen was found not in its original place in the Earth's strata, but had been washed or had drifted to its position. Very often, it is said, the remains of mastoden or negitherium were found in the drift, but when fossil fishes or plants are referred to they are mentioned as being found in rocks of a particular period.

JOHN SMITH, Hickory, Washington county, Pa., submits the following:—"If a gentleman should accompany a lady from church or place of amusement would it be impolite, if the lady would not ask the gentleman in? Would the hour of the evening make any difference? if so, at what hours would it be considered polite for her not to ask him in? As the question is in dispute, you will greatly oblige by answering at your earliest convenience."—It would not be impolite for the lady not to ask the gentlemen in, at any time in the evening.

G. D., Mankota, Minnesota, submits the following:—"I see in your issue of March 30th, the following inquiry: 'Why is the President of the United States inaugurated on the 4th of March?' The following seems to me to be the most satisfactory answer that can be given to the question: 'The 4th of March occurs on Sunday, only once in four hundred years. The founders of our government were a pious people, and in order to designate a day in the year for the inauguration of their Chief Magistrate, which could not infringe upon the sacredness of the Lord's day (except once in four centuries,) they selected the 4th of March.'"

SAMUEL BOLLIGER, Wheeling P. O., Livingston County, Mo., wishes to know the place of residence of his uncle Samuel Bolliger, who moved to Oregon in 1847 or 1848?

V. P., East Hamilton, N. Y., wishes to know how much publishers pay for good poetry, and how an inexperienced writer would manage to get a poem published?—*Good* poetry is well paid for. Poems in the *Atlantic* that our correspondent loves to read, no doubt, may be taken as examples. Poems published in the *Hearth and Home*, and from the same pen in the *Atlantic*, four or five verses each, were paid for at rates ranging from $10 to $15 per poem. The author, however, is one of the best of our Western lady poets. An inexperienced writer, like an inexperienced workman, must expect pay according to his work. The best way to secure the publication of any thing, well written, is to send it to the prominent newspaper editors or to the Magazines without comment. If the article is worthy, the merit will make itself known, and if there is space for it, it will be published. Always keep copies of your contributions, however, or enclose stamps for return of same.

HERMAN TRESSIN, Ogden, Riley county, Kansas, writes:—"I would like to be informed through the "Column of Correspondents" of your valuable paper, how or in what manner I can receive a copy of my discharge from the service.—The one I had I gave to T. M. O'Brien, Government Claim Agent, to collect my additional bounty, and was cheated out of both discharge and money. Living on a homestead of 80 acres and being informed a law has passed allowing honorably discharged soldiers enough more to make 160 acres, in a country where land for homesteaders is plenty, I would like to know if this is a law, and also how to receive some papers to show that I have been a soldier."—No duplicate discharges are given. If you had your discharge recorded, send to the office where it was recorded for a certified copy. If not recorded, write the Adjutant General of the State in which you enlisted for a certificate, that you were a member of the stated company and regiment. There *is* such a law as you refer to.

M. N. G., Sawersville, Pa., asks:—"What important part did John Wilkes play in the British Government? or in other words, who was John Wilkes, and for what was he noted? What great actions did he do? I want to know it all."—John Wilkes was an eminent English politician, born in 1727. He entered Parliament in 1757, but being violently opposed to the ministry, delivered such inflammatory speeches and wrote such intemperate charges in his paper, the *North Briton*, that he was arrested, tried and committed to the Tower. After his release he became for a time very popular with the people. He was soon afterward expelled from the House upon the charge of publishing an obscene libel, and though repeatedly returned, his election was every time declared void till 1774, when he was permitted to take his seat. The next year he was elected Lord Mayor and soon afterward was appointed Chamberlain. He died in 1797.

H. M. H., West Farmington, Ohio, writes:—"I enlisted as a private soldier Nov. 4th, 1861; served 21 months and was discharged by surgeon's certificate of disability. Am I entitled to to the one hundred dollars bounty?"—If the disability for which you were discharged was sickness, you are not entitled to bounty. If caused by wound or injuries received in service and in line of duty, you are entitled to $100.

W. W. MCNEESE, Unity, Columbiana county, Ohio, asks:—"Why were the wars between ancient Rome and Carthage called the first, second and third Punic Wars? What is the meaning of the word Punic?"—The word Punic means: pertaining to the Carthaginians; faithless, treacherous, deceitful; pertaining to vices which the Carthagenians were accused of practising. Hence the three wars waged by the Romans against the Carthaginians were called the Punic Wars.

G. A. K., Fort Seneca, Ohio, submits the following questions: "1. Are the three months soldiers who enlisted under the first call for seventy-five thousand men, entitled to a bounty under any act of Congress? 2. Did President Lincoln call out the first three hundred thousand troops without the sanction of Congress, or did he call an extra session of Congress for the purpose, or was Congress in session at the time?"—Three months troops of 1861 are not entitled to bounty. All the calls for troops made prior to July 4, 1861, were made as a matter of necessity and with the expectation that Congress would ratify such acts. Congress, at the first session did ratify all such orders made previously by the President.

FRANK FOWLER, Sterling, Ill., writes:—"Will you please answer in your correspondents column if it has been decided what forty regiments from Ohio are entitled to the extra bounty, as there were but forty called for and eighty accepted, in May, 1861?"—Congress is the only authority to settle the question referred to. No act has yet passed both Houses relative to claims for bounty, filed by virtue of the Supreme Court decision in the Hosmer case.

H. HENDERSON, Madison, Pa., writes:—"Please tell me in your answers to correspondents, where I can get a book of instruction on Photographing. Is there any paper published in the United States devoted to the art of Photographing?"—There are several good works on Photography published in this country. Send to Benerman & Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., R. Walty, Baltimore, Md., or E. & H. T. Anthony, N. Y., for catalogues of their photographic publications, and select the one that suits you as to matter and price.

Each of the houses named above publishes a Photographic Journal. The "Photographic World," Benerman & Wilson, is one of the best.

VERMONT asks:—"Are there any schools or places in the United States for teaching the business of Dentistry, and if so, where are they located? How many years must I spend at such an institution and at study, &c., to become a practical dentist?"—There are many excellent dental colleges or schools, in the United States. Among the best are: The Cincinnati Dental College at Cincinnati, Ohio; the Pennsylvania Dental College, at Philadelphia, Pa.; and the Baltimore Dental College, Baltimore, Md. There are also, Dental Colleges at Boston, New York and St. Louis, established at a later date, but holding good rank in the list. As to cost of tuition &c., address the President of any of the above named institutions. As to when you will become a practical dentist, depends upon your energy, perseverence and skill.

A CONSTANT READER, Ithaca, N. Y., writes:—"Will you, through your Column of Answers to Correspondents, please tell me the principles of the Boston *Investigator* and the Chicago *Liberal*? Are they Free Religion papers like the *Index* of your city, or are they different?"—The *Investigator* is mentioned by its friends as an Infidel or "reform" paper. The *Liberal* is spoken of in the same way as an atheistic or "free thought" journal.

PARISH SUBSCRIBER'S questions in regard to the employment of Mail Agents are answered above.

A SUBSCRIBER, Hiawatha, Kansas, asks:—"What book on architecture is considered the best, and is there a paper devoted to the interests of the carpenter, and if so, where published?"—One of the best works on architecture for the practical man is "Architecture, by Cummings & Miller, Toledo, Ohio," for sale by S. Bailey & Co., 133 Summit street, Toledo, or by leading book firms throughout the country. If your dealers have not the book on hand they can order it from the firm named above.

The best paper in the way spoken of is, perhaps, "The American Architect and Builders' Monthly," published by Linfoot & Fleu, Philadelphia. Other papers of this class are: The American Builder, Chicago; American Mechanic, Philadelphia; New York Manufacturer and Builder, New York, &c.

MANY READERS of the BLADE, Kalida, Putnam county, Ohio, write:—"Will you please answer in your Correspondents Column the following questions:

1st. What is the cost of a Railroad ticket from Toledo to Atchison, Kansas, or to Kansas City, Missouri?

2d. Do you know of any Roads selling half fare tickets to points in the West, either in Toledo or elsewhere? If so, please state the price of first and second class tickets and where they can be obtained to the places mentioned above?"

1. The cost of a first class ticket from Toledo to Kansas City is $27.50; second class $22,—price the same by any of the routes. Tickets can be procured at Toledo, and at other principal stations.

2. The Toledo, Wabash and Western Company sell half-fare tickets to Quincy in one direction, and to Chicago in the other.

"ARDENT ADMIRER" writes as follows:—"By the way, I am not quite clear about an 'answer to correspondents,' X., March 23d, where you say, 'He (the soldier) must make affidavit,' &c., &c., then follows the sentence 'He can allow any one else to make a selection for him, and make the necessary affidavit before the Clerk of the Court in the county where he lives. This can be done by a citizen as well as a soldier.'

"Now, this is as plain as day, but the difficulty is, two of my friends have tried this way, one of whom had made the selection himself and improved. They were informed by the Clerk of Court and the best lawyer in town that no such authority existed, that the affidavit must be made before the Register of the Land Office, and they start to morrow on a trip to Dakota at an expense of probably $50, which they might have saved could they have made their affidavit here. Others are in the same fix. Will you oblige us with more light. Your authority, if convenient, and oblige."—We have not the law at hand just now, but Section 15 of Circular No. 26, issued by the General Land Office March 10, 1869, and still in force, reads as follows:—"Where the applicant is prevented by reason of bodily infirmity, *distance, or other good cause* from personal attendance at the District Land Office, the affidavit may be made before the clerk of the court for the county within which the party is an actual resident."—That is plain enough. If you will write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., he will send you a copy of the above circular, and also his written opinion, if you will ask for it, which will convince your clerk and "best lawyer in town" that they were mistaken, and their mistake cost your friends $50 apiece.

O. T. LEE, Seneca, Lasalle Co., Ill., writes: "I enlisted in the U. S. Army Feb. 17, 1864, and was discharged June 10, 1865. I was to get $400 bounty and received $280. Am I, or not, entitled entitled to the remaining $120, or is it held back because I did not serve my full time of 3 years? Are soldiers entitled to land warrants or not? If not, is the time they served in the army deducted from the five years they are required to stay on a homestead?"—We cannot answer whether you are entitled to balance of bounty or not without knowing more of the facts and examination of your discharge. You had better send your discharge to T. W. Tallmadge, Claim Agent, Columbus, O., with a full statement.

No land warrants are issued. You can enter 160 acres of preferred Government land under the provisions of the Homestead law. Actual settlement thereon for five years is required.

INQUIRER, Neceda, Juneau Co., Wisconsin, asks: "If a person was drafted and hired a substitute is the drafted person or the substitute entitled to the pension from the goverement?"—The substitute is entitled to he pension, if any one.

JAY HAWKER, Xenia, Clay County, Illinois, writes: 'Being, at present, a reader of your magnificent paper and seeing that you take great interest in the welfare of soldiers, as such, I have one question to ask which I hope you will answer in your columns "to correspondents." I enlisted June 12th, 1861, served in brass band as a musician, was discharged June 29th, 1862, on a general order, and never received any bounty for that service. I re-enlisted March 20th, 1862, and served till June 29th, 1865, and got $100 bounty for this service. Received $100 additional bounty in 1868. The question I desire to ask is: Am I entitled to $100 bounty on my first enlistment, under the late act concerning bounties? I come to you with this question, because, in reading your answers to correspondents, it appears that you are better posted than others."—Jay Hawker is not entitled to bounty on first enlistment because he received $200 for second service.

SUBSCRIBER, Oak Grove, Pa., writes:—"Please give in your answers to correspondents, the address of the New York *Times* and subscription per year?"—Address H. J. RAYMOND & Co., *Times* office, New York. The Daily, to mail subscribers is $10 per year; Semi-Weekly, $3; Weekly, $2.

W. J. G. Milford, Delaware, asks:—"What was the age of Gen. R. E. Lee, when he died."—Gen. Lee, President of Washington College, Lexington, Va., died Oct. 12, 1870, in the 64th year of his age.

A FRIEND OF THE BLADE, East Warren, Vermont, writes: "I was discharged from the 6th Infantry July 22, 1862, for disability. In two years and three months from that time, I applied for a pension and have since that time drawn a pension. Am I entitled to two years and three months arrears or not?"—You are entitled to a pension commencing from date of discharge, if it has not already been paid to you from that date.

UNION SOLDIER, Westfield, Indiana writes:—"I see in a late number of your valuable paper that your Washington correspondent says the Supreme Court has decided that soldiers who were discharged for disability are entitled to all their bounty, even if they did not serve two years. This is my case: I enlisted January 1st, 1864; was discharged August 26th, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability, and received the installments of bounties then due. Men who were discharged at the same time, who had served no longer than myself, received all their bounty because they were mustered out with the close of the war. Now please tell me, in your correspondents column, whether I am entitled to the two last installments of bounty, under the late decision of the Supreme Court, or not? I was told that I was entitled to an invalid pension, and I applied accordingly, over three years ago. I filled all the blanks that were required over six months ago and I have been examined twice by surgeons, by order from the War Department, the last time about the first of November last. The Board pronounced my disability total and permanent, but they don't appear to do anything with my case. What annoys me is to appear in the light of a beggar. Please advise me what steps to take. Am I entitled to bounty?"—You are not entitled to the balance of bounty. The decision of the Supreme Court does not apply to your case. The Pension Office appears to be far behind with its work. Your claim will doubtless be settled as soon as it can be.


## WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

We shall be pleased to send our descriptive price list of genuine Waltham Watches, together with an illustrated pamphlet entitled a History of Watchmaking, to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write mention that you saw this notice in the Toledo BLADE.

HOWARD & Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y

☞ Address R. V. Pierce, M.D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N.Y., and get a pamphlet on Catarrh free, or send sixty cents and get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. $500 reward is offered by the proprietor for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists. Cut this out, as you may never see it again.

BISHOP SOULE'S LINIMENT, invented by the late BISHOP SOULE, is creating a revolution in the cure of Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney and Spinal Complaints, Sore Throat, Sprains, &c. The cures affected by it are almost beyond belief. Try it, use nothing else, and you will be cured. It is the only sure cure for that dreadful disease Sciatica. For sale by druggists, price $1.50 per bottle. F. W. RYDER & SON, Proprietors, Boston. JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York, agent. April20w4t 77.

THERE is good authority for stating that in this country one adult out of every six dies of consumption; and, indeed, so prevalent and so fatal has this disease become, that it is dreaded as the great scourge of the race; and yet, in the formative stages all pulmonary complaints may be readily controlled by resorting promptly to the Expectorant of Dr. D. Jayne, which soothes and strengthens the bronchial tubes, allaying inflammation and cleansing them and the lungs of all impurities. It is a certain remedy for coughs and colds, which, when left to themselves, frequently bring on pulmonary complaints, and it cures bronchitis effectually if taken in time, and the directions followed. It has maintained its reputation as a curative for over a quarter of a century, and if those who are threatened with lung diseases or any of the symptoms of bronchitis or asthma will at once give this standard remedy a trial, they will never regret it. Sold everywhere.

....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27wly

DR. RANSOM'S HIVE SYRUP AND TOLU.—Doctor, I have a terrible cough, and my children are all down sick with coughs, sore throats and colds. What shall we do? Take "Dr. Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu, or Honey Syrup," and apply "Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" to the throat and chest, warm. These are excellent family medicines. Full directions are on the bottles. You can get both medicines at any drug store for sixty cents.

....FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

mar30-dcod&w4m:302

....THE BEST TONIC.—Casewell & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphated Elixer of Calisaya. oct27wly

A FRIENDLY CALL AND WHAT WAS SAID.—It is human nature to tell our friends of our ailments. We all do it, expecting sympathy. Sympathy is a great comfort to invalids. When we have recovered, too, we are fond of talking of the medicines that relieved us. This is a good trait in our humanity. It shows that we are grateful for benefits received.

The other day Mrs. E. Sutcliff, the well-known teacher of crayon painting, whose *atelier* is in Court Street, Brooklyn, was visited by a lady pupil, who had been absent from her class nearly a month. "What has been the matter?" said Mrs. S., "Have you been sick?" "Very;" was the reply. What complaint?" "Dyspepsia. I thought I should have died." "Ah! and what did the doctors do for you, my dear?" said Mrs. S. "Nothing," responded the young lady. "A gentleman friend," she continued, with a tell tale blush, "induced me to try PLANTATION BITTERS, and you see the result; I am perfectly well!" This conversation occurred in Mrs. Sutcliff's studio; and it is here given as she relates it, word for word.

Sea Moss Farine from pure Irish Moss, for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest and most delicious food in the world. apr18:w1tadeod1w

☞ See advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

ALL LADIES KNOW that men do not like a rough-skinned woman, or one with freckles tan and pimples. Nature's remedy for these mortifying blemishes, as well as for Moth-patches and Ring-marks, is Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It gives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which bespeaks refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists. apr18w4w.

### Bankrupt

From Auction a job lot of Ladies Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches with full jewelled detached lever movements $24 each, usual price $40. Sent C. O. D., privilege to examine. F. J. Nash, 697 Broadway, New York. "We have been shown the above goods and believe them fully equal to the recommendations of the advertisement."—Christian Advocate. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—Christian at Work. "We have the utmost confidence in the above goods."—Liberal Christian. "Certainly cheap and the quality reliable."—Christian Intelligence. Apr13w2t

### NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Thousands suffer from it.—A weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy, animation or vigor, low spirits, confused head, weak memory, nocturnal or involuntary seminal emissions, with loss of power and threatened impotence. The consequence of excesses, overwork or indescretions. This is NERVOUS DEBILITY, and it finds a sovereign remedy in HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. TWENTY-EIGHT. Thousands have been cured by these simple sugar pills. They tone up the system, arrest the discharges, dispel the gloom and mental depression, and rejuvenate the system. Price $5 for a package of five boxes and a vial of powder, which is important in all old long-standing cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all first-class druggists, and sent to any address on receipt of the price. Addres HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York march30w1yr

WHITNEY'S TEN CENT MUSIC.—The idea of furnishing three pieces of music for ten cents, which originated with W. W. WHITNEY, of Toledo, Ohio, has proved a wonderful success, over 60,000 copies having been sold. Elsewhere the list will be found. Look it over, select such numbers as you want, and send the amount to W. W. WHITNEY, Toledo, O. Each number contains three first class pieces of music, elegantly printed for binding.

*Medical knowledge for everybody*, 250,000 *copies sold in two years.*

### A Book for every Man.

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# The Markets.

## THE MARKETS.

NOTE—All Grain sold in this market is free of storage 4 days to the buyer. Storage ½c except on low grades, which are ⅓c—each 10 days.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY TOLEDO BLADE, }
WEDNESDAY, April 19, 1871, 2½ P. M. }

On 'Change to-day the market for Amber Wheat ruled quiet; it opened at yesterday's quotation, 145c and closed ⅛c lower at 144⅞c, sales principally at 144⅞c spot; options quiet at 145⅜ 145⅝c seller and 147c buyer May. White Michigan dull and nominal. No. 2 White Wabash 1c lower and dull at 170c. No. 1 Red was nominally unchanged, with a trifle more activity in Wabash at 147c; Dayton & Michigan and Canal, 146⅜ 146½c; options not in request. No. 2 Wabash Red was inactive; D. & M. a shade lower and dull at 142c. No. 3 Red was 3c lower than when last quoted at 132c. Rejected Red 3c lower at 122c.—Amber Indiana unchanged, 155c for No. 2.

High mixed Corn was in moderate request, the market ruling steady at 58⅜c spot; options more active at 59c seller May and 60c seller July. Low mixed Corn moderately active at the previous quotation, 57¾c spot and seller May. No Grade Corn dull and unchanged at 55⅜c. Yellow Corn more active at the previous quotation, 59½c. Michigan Corn steady and quiet at 58c.

No. 1 Oats ruled dull and nearly unsalable; just at the close a car each of Wabash and D. & M. sold, the former at yesterday's price, 55c, the latter at a decline, 55½c. No. 2 Oats dull and unchanged with small sales at 51¼@52⅛c. Michigan Oats 1½c lower and quiet at 53⅜c.

Clover Seed nominal. Mill Feed steady and firm. Provisions dull. Grain Freights dull and unchanged.

WHEAT—Transactions on 'Change to-day were as follows: 1000 bu Amber at 145c; 350 bu do at 144½c; 700 bu do at 144¾c; 350 bu do at 144⅝c; 1000 bu do at 144¾c; 350 bu do at 144¾c; 2000 bu do buyer May at 147c; 1000 bu do do at 147c; 2000 bu do do at 147c; 1000 bu do seller May at 145c; 1000 bu do at 145¾c; 700 bu No 2 White Wabash at 170c; 350 bush do at 170c; 350 bu do at 170c; 4,000 bu No. 1 Red at 147c; 5,000 bu do at 147c; 350 bu do at 147c; 350 bu dout 147c; 1,967 bu do (canal) at 146½c; 350 bu do D. & M. at 146c; 1,400 bu No. 2 D. & M. Red at 142c; 1,400 bu No 3 Red at 132c; 700 bu Rejected Red at 122c; 350 bu do at 122c; 350 bu No. 2 Amber Indiana at 155c.

CORN—Sales to-day, 426 bu High-mixed at 58⅛c; 800 bu do at 58⅜c; 400 bu do at 58⅝c; 800 bu do at 58⅞c; 1600 bu do at 58¾c; 400 bu do at 58⅝c; 5000 bu do seller July at 60c; 5000 bu do do at 60c; 2000 bu do do at 60c; 5000 bu do do at 60c; 2000 bu do seller May at 59c; 800 bu do in Michigan elevator at 58¾c; 2150 bu Low-mixed at 57⅛c; 1000 bu do at 57¾c; 1200 bu do at 57⅛c; 800 bu do at 57¾c; 2000 bu do at 57¾c; 2000 bu do at 57¼c; 400 bu do at 57⅜c; 5000 bu do at 57⅝c; 5000 bu do seller May at 57¾c; 5000 bu do do at 57⅜c; 1000 bu do do at 57¾c; 800 bu No Grade at 53⅛c; 2000 bu Yellow at 59¾c; 400 bu do at 59½c; 1600 bu do at 59¾c; 1000 bu do at 59¾c; 800 bu Michigan at 58c; 400 bu do at 58c; 1000 bu do at 58c.

OATS—Sales to-day: 700 bu No 1 at 55c; 700 bu do D. & M. at 53¾c; 700 bu No 2 at 52½c; 900 bu do D. & M. at 51¾c; 200 bu Michigan at 52¼c, 700 bu do at 53c; 3300 bu do at 52½c; 400 bu do at 52⅝c; 1100 bu do at 52¼c; 700 bu do at 52½c; 2500 bu do at 52¾c.

SMOKED MEATS—Sales to-day, 1000 lbs Shoulders at 9c.

EGGS—Sale to-day, 5 bbls at 12c.

LARD—Sale to-day, 5 kegs at 11c.

MILL FEED—Sale to-day, 10 tons Bran at $22 50.

GRAIN FREIGHTS—Dull at 3c by sail and steam to Buffalo; 6½@7c on corn and wheat to Oswego.

HARDWOOD—Walnut (merchantable) dry, $58 @$60; 2d and culls, $30@$35; merchantable green $52@$55; 2d and culls, $26@$30; Walnut timber, $45@$50; Veneer wood, $6 to $15 per foot. Oak Ship Timber, $250@$280. Whitewood lumber, $28@$30. Butternut, $45@50. Walnut flooring, $55. Ash flooring, $33.

SALT—Fine Onondaga, Port Austin, Saginaw Ohio River and Kanawha $2 00 per bbl; coarse, $2 40; dairy in bbls, $1 75; sacks, 20c.

COAL—We quote: Grate, $10 00; Egg, $10 00; Stove, $10,00; Chestnut, $10 00; No. 1 soft $8; No. 2, $7.50; No. 3, $6; Lehigh Lump, $10 50; Blossburg, $8.50.

GROCERIES—COFFEE—Rio, 17@21c; Java, 24 @26c. SUGARS—Raw 8¾@12¾c; crushed 13¾@14; granulated, 13¾@